

NOT FOR MAIDS, MINISTERS OR STRIPLINGS.



THE MERRY MUSES,

A Choice Selection of

FAVOURITE SONGS GATHERED FROM
MANY SOURCES.

BY

ROBERT BURNS.

To which are added

Two of his Letters and a Poem—hitherto
Suppressed—never before printed.



Say, Puritan, can it be wrong
To dress plain Truth in witty song,
What honest Nature says we should do,
What every lady does or would do.

Privately Printed.
(Not for Sale).

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PREFACE.

The history of this book is the following:

Robert Burns, fascinated by the simplicity, beauty, and pathetic tenderness of the songs and ballads of the peasantry floating around him, set himself to gather them up for preservation. How he accomplished his task, his imperishable works amply show. His researches brought him acquainted with many strange, outspoken ditties, for gentlemen of antiquarian tastes need not be told that many of the Songs and Rhymes then unprinted were, as Sir Walter Scott says, "rather high kilted," or, as Burns styles them, "not quite ladies' reading." It is the glory of Burns, however, that he improved every song that passed through his hands; purifying it from its licentiousness, and steeping it in the undying hues of his genius. While collecting these "Auld Sangs," he came across others whose humour was more broad, and language and meaning decidedly free. His antiquarian instinct and strong sense of the ludicrous tempted him also to preserve them in manuscript form. In time what he has thus collected he was led in a few instances also to imitate, for no other object than to amuse a few of his merry companions in their moments of conviviality.

Accordingly, we find him in December, 1793, writing to John McMurdo, Esq., Chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry, (a friend and neighbour of the Poet's), "I think I once mentioned something of a collection of Scots songs I have for some years been making. I send you a perusal of what I have got together. I could not conveniently spare them above five or six days, and five or six glances of them will probably suffice you. A very few of them are my own. When you are tired of them please leave them with Mr. Clint, of the King's Arms. There is not another copy of the collection in the world, and I should be sorry that any unfortunate negligence should deprive me of what has cost me a good deal of pains.

"R.B."

This collection, including his own few performances, originated in nothing worse than Burns' strong sense of the ludicrous, and although he permitted an intimate prudent crony an occasional peep at the volume, he was very careful of it, and during his lifetime it was seen

and known only to a trusted few. After his death the MS. volume having got into a careless hand, a miserable fellow surreptitiously transcribed it and, to the lasting grief of all friends of poor Burns, gave it the honours of the press.

This note is written therefore to point out Burns' share in this Collection of Merry Songs—a share which was chiefly that of collector, and not that of author; besides, to request of the limited number of antiquarian admirers into whose hands the volume will find its way, that they will be careful of it, and keep it out of the way of "youth, innocence and beauty." To gratify the aforesaid antiquaries, two letters of the Great Poet are now given for the first time, and also an unpublished Poem, from the original manuscript in Burns' own writing.

It is hoped that the reader—be he Puritan or impure-itan—will not be too hard on poor Burns. Remember not the dust specks on his frame, but know him rather as the sweetest and most glorious singer that has yet arisen to charm, and soothe, and strengthen mankind. The age he lived in was different from yours,—and if a free spoken ditty of the olden school now and then oozed out, remember that humour in connection with the sexual affections flourished in Greece and Rome ages upon ages ago, and it is not yet extinct in your own country, nor in your own bosom. One of your own Poets but a short time ago bore his share, along with a Rhyming Brother in the following *jeu d'esprit*, which we are tempted to give:—

Poet No. 1 sang:

Tom went out as a Mission-ary,
Unto the fields of Timbuctoo,
There he met a Casso-wary,
Who ate him, and his Hymn-book too.

Thus capped by Poet No. 2:

Tom and Tim on mischief bent,
Went to the plains of Timbuctoo,
They saw three Maidens in a tent,
Tom bucked one, and Tim-bucked-two.

The songs which can undoubtedly be assigned to Burns—as well as those of which great doubts exist respecting his connection with them—are placed first in the volume. With those that follow, the reader is assured Burns had nothing whatever to do, though being expressed in the Scottish language inexperienced persons may therefore attribute them to him.

A very few copies have been printed, solely for antiquaries; and none of them are for sale.

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Burns' Merry Muses.

SCOTTISH.

THE RANTINE DOG THE DADDY O'T.

TUNE—" *East Neuk o' Fife.*"

O wha my baby clouts will buy ?
O wha will tent me when I cry ?
O wha will kiss me where I lie ?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't.
O wha will own he did the faut ?
O wha will buy the groaning maut ?
O wha will tell me what to ca't ?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't.
When I mount the creepie chair,
Wha will sit beside me there ?
Give me Rab, I'll ask nae mair,
The ranting dog the daddy o't.
Wha will crack to me my lane ?
Wha will make me fidgeting fain ?
Wha will kiss me o'er again ?
But the ranting dog the daddy o't.

BURNS *In his published works?*

ANNA.

TUNE—" *The Banks of Bonna.*"

Yes'tre'en I got a pint o' wine,*
A place where body saw na,
Yest're'en lay on this breast of mine,
The gowden locks o' Anna.
The hungry jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething my honey bliss,
Upon the lips of Anna.

* The first verse is the fragment of an ancient ditty.

Ye monarchs take the East and West,
 Frae Indus to Savannah ;
 Gie me within my straining grasp,
 The melting form o' Anna,
 Then I'll despise imperial charms,
 An Empress or Sultanna.
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I'll gie and take wi' Anna.
 Awa' thou flaunting god o' day,
 Awa' thou pale Diana,
 Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
 When I'm to meet my Anna.
 Come in thy raven plumage, night,
 Sun, moon and stars withdrawn a'
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My raptures wi' my Anna.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Kirk and State may join and tell
 To do sic thing I mauna,
 The Kirk and State may gae to h—l,
 And I'll gae to my Anna.
 She is the sunshine o' my e'e,
 To love but her I canna ;
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna.

BURNS—*In his published works.*

THE COOPER O' CUDDY.

TUNE—" *Bob the Bowster.* "

The cooper o' Cuddy cam here awa',
 He ca'd the girrs, out o'er us a',
 An our guidewife has gotten a' fa'
 That angered the silly guideman, O.
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 Behind the door, behind the door,
 We'll hide the cooper behind the door,
 And cover him with mawn O.
 He sought them out, he sought them in,
 Wi' deil hae her and deil hae him,
 But the body he sae doited and blin,
 He wasn't where was gaun O.
 We'll hide the cooper, &c.

They cooper'd at e'en—they cooper'd at morn,
 Till our gudeman had gotten the scorn,
 On ilka brow he's planted a horn,
 And swears that they shall stand O.
 We'll hide the cooper, &c.

BURNS—*In his published works?*

POOR BODIES DO NAETHING BUT M——.

TUNE—" *The Campbells are Coming.*"

When princes and prelates,
 And hot-headed zealots
 A' Europe had set in a lowe, lowe, lowe,
 The poor man lies down,
 Nor envies a crown,
 But contents himself wi' a m—w, m—w, m—w.
 And why shouldna poor bodies m—w, m—w, m—w,
 And why shouldna poor bodies m—w,
 The rich they hae siller, and houses and land,
 Poor bodies are naething but m—w.,
 When Brunswick's great Prince,
 Gaed craushing to France,
 Republican Billies to cow, cow, cow,
 Great Brunswick's strange Prince
 Would have showed better sense,
 At hame wi' his Princess to m—w, m—w, m—w.
 And why shouldna', &c.
 The Empéror swore,
 By sea and by shore,
 At Paris to kick up a fow, row, row,
 But Paris, aye ready,
 Just laughed at the laddie,
 And bid him gae hame, and gae m—w' m—w, m—w.
 And why shouldna, &c.
 When the brave Duke of York,
 The Rhine first did pass,
 Republican armies to cow, cow, cow,
 They bade him gae hame,
 To his Prussian dame,
 And gie her a kiss and a m—w, m—w, m—w.

Out over the Rhine,
 Proud Prussia did shine,
 To spend his blade he did vow, vow, vow,
 But Frederick had better
 Ne'er forded the water,
 But spent as he ought at a m—w, m—w, m—w,
 And why shouldna', &c.

The black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted o'er height and o'er howe, howe, howe,
 In the braes of Gemappe,
 He fell into a trap,
 E'en let him get out as he dow, dow, dow.
 And why shouldna' &c.

When Kate laid her claws,
 On poor Stanislaus,
 And his pintle was bent like a bow, bow, bow,
 May the deil in her a——e,
 Ram a huge —— of brass,
 And send her to hell wi' a m—w, m—w, m—w.
 And why shouldna', &c.

Then fill up your glasses,
 Ye sons of Parnassus,
 This toast I'm sure you'll allow, allow,
 Here's to Geordie our King,
 And Charlotte his Queen,
 And lang may they live for m—w, m—w, m—w.
 For why shouldna', &c.

THE FORNICATOR.

TUNE—"Clout the cauldron."

You jovial boys, who love the joys,
 The blissful joys of lovers,
 And dare avow't wi' dauntless brow,
 Whate'er the lass discovers,
 I pray draw near, and you shall hear,
 And welcome in a frater,
 I've lately been on a quarantine,
 A proven fornicator.

Before the congregation wide
 I pass'd the muster fairly,
 My handsome Betsy by my side,
 We gat our ditty rarely,
 My downcast eye, by chance did spy,
 What made my mouth to water,
 Those limbs so clean where I between,
 Commenced a fornicator.
 Wi' ruefu' face, and signs o' grace,
 I gaed the buttock hire;
 The night was dark, and thro' the park,
 I could not but convoy her
 A parting kiss, what could I less,
 My vows began to scatter,
 Sweet Betsy fell, fal lal de ral,
 And I'm the fornicator.
 But by the sun and moon I swear,
 And I'll fulfil ilk hair o't,
 That while I own a single crown,
 She's welcome to a share o't.
 My roguish boy, his mother's joy,
 And darling of his pater,
 I for his sake, the name will take,
 A hardened fornicator.

BURNS.

 THE PATRIARCH.

TUNE—" *The Auld Cripple Dow.*"
 As honest Jacob on a night,
 With his beloved beauty,
 Was duly laid on wedlock's bed,
 And nodding at his duty.
 "How lang," she cried, "ye fumbling wretch,
 Will ye be ——ing at it?
 My auldest bairn will die o' age,
 Before that ye get at it."
 "Ye pegh and grunt, and goazle there,
 And make an unco splutter,
 And I maun lie and thole you there,
 And fient a hair the better."

Then he wrath put up his graith,
 "The devil's in the hizzie,
 I m—w you as I m—w the lave,
 And night and day am busy.
 I've bairn'd the servants, gilpies bath,
 Forbye your titty Leah,
 Ye barren jade, ye make me mad,
 What mair can I do wi' you?
 "There's ne'er a m—w I give the lave,
 But I give thee a dizzen,
 But deil a m—w you'll get again,
 Although yōur c—— should gizzen."
 Then Rachel calm as ony lamb,
 She claps him on the waulies,
 "Jacob ne'er fash a woman's clash,
 In troth you m—w me brawlies."
 "My dear, 'tis true, for mony a m—w,
 I'm your grateful debtor,
 But try again, I dinna ken,
 Next time you'll f—— me better."
 The honest man wi' little wark,
 He soon forget his ire,
 The Patriarch cast of his sark,
 And up and till't like fire.

BURNS.

 ANDREW AHD HIS CUTTY GUN.

Blythe, blythe, blythe was she,
 Blythe was she but and ben,
 And weel she loved it in her neeve,
 But better when it slippit in.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.
 When a' the lave gaed to their bed,
 And I sat up to clean the shoon,
 O wha think ye came jumping ben,
 But Andrew and his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Or e'er I wist he laid me back,
 And up my gamon to my chin,
 And ne'er a word to me he spak,
 But liltit out his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

The bawsent bitch she left her whelps,
 And hunted round us at the fun,
 As Andrew dougled wi' his doup,
 And fired at me his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

O some delight in cutty stoup,
 And some delight in cutty-mum;
 But my delight's an e—elins coup,
 Wi' Andrew and his cutty gun.
 Blythe, blythe, &c.

Perhaps by BURNS.

ACT OF SEDERUNT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

TUNE—"O'er the muir, among the heather."

In Embro' town they've made a law,
 In Embro' at the Court o' Session,
 That standin' — are fautors a',
 And guilty o' high transgression.

Decreet o' the Court o' Session,
 Act Sederunt o' the Session.
 That standin' — are fautors a',
 And guilty o' a high transgression.

And they've provided dungeons deep,
 Ilk lass has ane in her possession,
 Until the fautors wail and weep,
 There they shall lie for their transgression.

Decreet o' the Court o' Session,
 Act Sederunt of the Session.
 The rogues in pouring tears shall weep,
 By act Sederunt o' the Session.

Perhaps by BURNS, but doubtful.

THE CASES OF SESSION.

TUNE—"Auld Sir Simon the King."

I'll tell you a tale of a wife,
 And she was a Whig and a saunt.
 She lived a most sanctify'd life,
 But whiles she was fashed wi' her ——.

Poor woman she gaed to the Priest,
 And to him she made her complaint,
 There's naething that troubles my breast,
 Sae sair as the sins of my ——.

He bade her to clear up her brow,
 And no be discouraged upon't,
 For holy good women enow,
 Are mony times waur'd wi' their ——.

It's nocht but Beelzebub's art,
 And that's the mair sign of a saunt,
 He kens that ye're pure at the heart,
 So levels his dart at your ——.

O ye that are called and free,
 Elected and chosen a saunt,
 Won't break the eternal decree,
 Whatever you do wi' your ——.

And now with a sanctify'd kiss,
 Let's kneel and renew the cov'nant,
 It's this—and it's this—and it's this,
 That settles the pride of your ——.

Devotion flew up to a flame,
 No words can do justice upon't,
 The honest auld woman gaed hame,
 Rejoicing, and clawing her ——.

Probably by BURNS, but doubtful.

O GAT YE ME WI' NAETHING.

"Gat ye me, O gat ye me,
 And gat ye me wi' naething,
 A rock, a reel, a spinning wheel,
 A guide black —— was ae thing.

"A tocher fine, o'er muckle far,
 When sic a scallion gat it,"
 "Indeed o'er muckle far, gudewife,
 For that was aye the faut o't.

"But haud your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
 O haud your tongue and jander,
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander.

"I tint my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure,
 But your green grave now, Luckie Laing,
 Wad airt me to my treasure."

Probably by BURNS, but doubtful.

THERE'S HAIR ON'T.

TUNE—"Push about the Jorum."

'Twas but yest're'n I stented graith,
 And labour'd lang and sair on't,
 But fient work, nor work wad it,
 There's sic a crop o' hair on't.

There's hair on't, hair on't,
 There's thretty threave and mair on't,
 But 'gin I live another year,
 I'll tether my grey naigs on't.

And up the glen there was a knowe,
 Below the knowe, a lair on't,
 I maist had perish'd, horse and fit,
 I cauldna see for hair on't.
 There's hair on't, &c.

But I'll plant a stake into a flow,
 That ploughman may take ware on't,
 And lay twa stepin' stanes below,
 And syne I'll cow the hair on't.
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 And lay twa stepin' stanes below,
 And syne I'll cow the hair on't.
 There's hair on't, &c.

WHA'LL KISS ME NOW.

TUNE—"Coming through the rye."

O wha'll kiss me now, my joe,
 And wha'll kiss me now,
 A sodger with his bandoliers,
 Has banged my belly fou.

O I hae tint my rosy cheek,
 Likewise my waist sae sma',
 O wae gae wi' the sodger loon,
 The sodger did it a'.
 And wha'll, &c.

For I maun thole the scornfu' sneer,
 O mony a saucy quean,
 When, curse upon her godly face,
 Her ——'s as merry's mine.
 And wha'll, &c.

Our dame holds up her wanton tail,
 As oft as she down lies,
 And yet Misca's a young thing,
 The trade if she but tries.
 And wha'll, &c.

Our dame has aye her ain gudeman,
 And —— for glutton greed,
 And yet misca's a poor thing,
 That —— for its bread.
 And wha'll, &c.

Alack! sae sweet a tree as love,
 Sae bitter fruit should bear,
 Alas that e'er a merry ——,
 Should draw so many a tear.
 And wha'll, &c.

But devil tak' the lousy loon,
 Denies the bairn he got,
 Or leaves the merry —— he lo'ed,
 To wear a ragged coat.
 And wha'll, &c.

Perhaps by BURNS, but doubtful.

None but the following Songs, Scottish or otherwise, can claim parentage of Burns. Some of them were in print before he was born. In the chap-books which formed the popular literature of the times; others had been sung at country fairs, and the free and easies of the period, when he rescued them for his collection.

O SAW YE MY MAGGY.

TUNE—" *Saw ye my Maggy.*"

O saw ye my Maggy,
O saw ye my Maggy,
O saw ye my Maggy,
Coming o'er the lea.

What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
What mark has your Maggy,
That ane may ken her by?

My Maggie has a mark,
You'll find it in the dark,
It's in below her sark,
A little aboon her knee.

What wealth has your Maggie,
What wealth has your Maggie,
What wealth has your Maggie,
In tocher, gowd, or fee?

My Maggie has a treasure,
A hidden mine o' pleasure,
I'll dig it at my leisure,
It's a' alane for me.

How meet ye your Maggie,
How meet ye your Maggie,
How meet ye your Maggie,
When nane's to hear or see?

E'en that tell our wishes,
Eager glowing kisses,
Then divine blisses,
In holy ecstasy.

How lo'e ye your Maggy,
 How lo'e ye your Maggy,
 How lo'e ye your Maggy,
 And lo'e nane but she ?

Heavenly joys before me,
 Rapture trembling o'er me,
 Maggy, I adore thee,
 On my bended knee.

THE REELS O' BOGIE.

You lads and lasses all that dwell,
 In the town of Strathbogie,
 Whene'er you meet a pretty lass,
 Be sure you tip her cogie,
 The lads and the lasses toy and kiss,
 The lads ne'er think it is amiss,
 To bang the holes whereout they piss,
 And that's the reels o' Bogie.

There's Kent, and Keen, and Aberdeen,
 And the town of Strathbogie,
 Where every lad may have his lass,
 Now that I've got my cogie,
 They spread wide their snow-white thighs,
 And when they see your pintle rise,
 They'll dance the reels o' Bogie,

A trooper going o'er the lea,
 He swore that he would steer me,
 And long before the break of day,
 He giggled, goggled near me,
 He put a stiff thing in my hand,
 I could not bear the banging o't,
 But long before he went away,
 I suppld both the ends o't.

His pintle was of largest size,
 Indeed it was a banger,
 He fough a prize between my thighs,
 Till it became a banger.

Had you been seen the wee bit skin,
 He had to put his pintle in,
 You'd sworn it was a chitterling,
 Dancing the reels o' Bogie.
 He turned about to fire again,
 And give me t'other sally,
 And as he fired I ne'er retired,
 But received him in my alley,
 His pebbles they went thump, thump,
 Against my little wanton rump,
 But soon I left him with the stump,
 To dance the reels o' Bogie.
 Said I, young man, more ye can't do,
 I think I've granted your desire,
 By bobbing on my wanton clue,
 You see your pintle's all on fire,
 When on my back I work like steel,
 And bar the door with my left heel,
 And the more you — the less I feel,
 And that's the reels of Bogie.

THE MOUDIWARK.

TUNE—"O for ane and twenety, Tom."

The moudiwark as done me ill,
 And below my apron has beggit a hill,
 I maun consult some learned clark,
 About this wanton moudiwark.

And O the wanton moudiwark,
 The weary wanton moudiwark,
 I maun consult my learned clark,
 About this wanton moudiwark.

O first it got between my taes.
 Out o'er my garter neist it gaes,
 At length it crap below my sark,
 The weary wanton moudiwark.
 And O the, &c.

This moudiwark, tho' it be blin',
 If ance the nose o't you let in,
 Then to the hilts, with a crack,
 The weary wanton moudiwark.
 And O the, &c.

When Marjorie was made a bride,
 And Willie lay down by her side,
 Syne nought was heard when it was dark,
 But kicking at the moudiwark.
 And O the, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As I came o'er the Cairney Mount,
 Down amang the blooming heather,
 The highland laddie drew his durk,
 And sheath'd it in her wanton leather.

O my bonnie Highland laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland laddie,
 When I am sick and like to die,
 He'll roll me in his Highland plaidie.

With me he play'd his waalike pranks,
 And on me boldly did adventure,
 He did attack on both the flanks,
 And pushed fiercely in the centre.
 O my bonny, &c.

A furious fecht he did maintain,
 Wi' equal courage and desire,
 Altho' he charg'd me three to ane,
 I stood my ground and took his fire.
 O my bonnie, &c.

SUPPER IS NOT READY.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

Roseberry to his Lady says,
 My hinnie and my succur,
 O shall we do the thing you ken?
 Or shall we take our supper?
 Fal, lal, &c.

Wi' modest face, sae full of grace,
 Reply'd his bonny Lady,
 "My noble Lord do as you please,
 But supper is not ready."
 Fal, lal, &c.

BURLESQUE ON THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

The Lowland whores think they are fine,
 But oh, the bitches they are gaudy,
 How much unlike a girl of mine,
 With whom every night I do bawdy.
 O my pretty Highland harlot,
 My handsome simp'ring Highland harlot,
 For your regard, I'll in reward,
 Go purchase you a clock of scarlet.

Where I at will, and free to choose,
 To f—— the greatest Lowland lady,
 That e'er was stretched in courtly stews,
 I'd sooner f—— my Peggy Brady.

O my pretty &c.

The gayest girl in burrows town,
 With paint and gaudy clothes made ready,
 Can't knock a p—— so sweetly down,
 As bonny, buxom Peggy Brady.

O my pretty, &c.

O'er benty hills I'll with thee run,
 And take thee from thy Highland daddy,
 And f—— thee thrice e'er set of sun,
 How like you that, my Peggy Brady.

O my pretty, &c.

A painted room and silken bed,
 May please a great man and his lady,
 But I can f—— and be as glad,
 Behind a bush with Peggy Brady.

O my pretty, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 For I call her my Peggy Brady,
 And when I lay her on the grass,
 She cries, "My Jemmy, are you ready?"

O my pretty, &c.

No greater joy does she pretend,
 Than that my p—— prove strong and ready,
 To squirt with her when she does spend,
 That's all the wish of Peggy Brady.
 O my pretty, &c.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

The Ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind his every true, jo,
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo.

Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman,
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

As walking forth upon a day,
 I met a jolly ploughman,
 I told him I had lands to plough,
 If he would prove true man.

He says, my dear, take ye na fear,
 I'll fit you to a hair, jo,
 I'll cleave it up, and hit it down,
 And water furrow't fair, jo.

I hae three owsen in my plough,
 Three better ne'er plough'd ground, jo;
 The foremost ox is lang and sma',
 And twa plump and round, jo,

Then he wi' speed did yoke his plough,
 Which by a gaurd was droven, jo,
 And when he was between the stils,
 I thought I was in heaven, jo.

But the foremost ox fell in the fur,
 The tither twa did flounder, jo,
 The ploughman lad he breathless grew,
 In troth it was nae wonder, jo.

But sic a risk below a hill,
 The plough she took a stane, jo,
 Which gart the fire flee frae the stock,
 The ploughman gaed a grane, jo.

I hae plough'd east, I hae plough'd west,
 In weather foul and fair jo.
 But the sairest ploughing e'er I plough'd,
 Was ploughing amang hair, jo.
 Sing up wi't a', and in wi't a'.
 And hey my merry ploughman,
 O' a' the trades and crafts I ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

THE COOPER O' DUNDEE.

TUNE—"Bonnie Dundee."

Ye Coopers and Hoopers attend to my ditty,
 I sing of a cooper wha dwalt in Dundee,
 This young man he was baith am'rous and witty,
 He pleas'd the fair maids wi' the blink of his e'e.
 He wasna a cooper, a common tub hooper,
 The maist of his trade lay in pleasing the fair,
 He hoop'd them, he coop'd them, he bor'd them, he
 plugg'd them
 And a' sent for Sandy when oot o' repair.
 For twelvemonth or so this youth was respekt'd,
 And he was as busy as weel he could be,
 But business increas'd sae, that some were neglect'd,
 Which ruin'd his trade in the town o' Dundee.
 A Baillie's fair daughter had wanted a coopin',
 And Sandy was sent for as oft times was he,
 He yerkt her sae hard, that she sprung an end
 hoopin',
 Which banish'd poor Sandy from bonny Dundee.

YON, YON, YON LASSIE.

TUNE—"Ruffian's Rant."

O yon, yon, yon lassie,
 Yon, yon, yon,
 I never met a bonny lass,
 But wad play at yon.
 O yon, yon, etc.

I never saw a silken gown,
 But I wad kiss the sleeve o't,
 I never saw a maidenhead,
 That I wad speir the leave o't.
 O yon, yon, &c.

Tell na me o' Meg, my wife,
 Her crowdie has na savour,
 But gie to me a bonny lass,
 And let me steal the favour.
 O yon, yon, &c.

Gie me her I kissed yest're'en,
 I vow but she was handsome,
 For ilka hair upon her —,
 Was worth a royal ransom.
 And yon, yon, &c.

MY ANGEL, I WILL MARRY THEE.

TUNE—"Green graw the Rashes O."

"My angel, I will marry thee,
 My angel, I will marry thee,
 And thrice a night,
 I'll f—— you tight,
 Or else the devil carry me."

"Pray where are you plucking me?
 Sir, whither are you pulling me?"

"Why to the bed,
 For strike me dead,
 But I must have a —— at thee."

"What are you now adoing O?
 What are you now adoing O?"

O fie, O fie,
 I'll call mamma,
 I fear you'll prove my ruin O.

"You've made me of a lather O,
 You've made me all a lather O,
 And stopp'd my breath,
 You'll be my death,
 Indeed I'll tell my father O.

"You mustn't draw your sponge yet O,
Another stroke my dearie O?
If this love's fire,
Let me expire,
How can you now get weary O?"

DAINTY DAVY.

A loving couple met one day,
Kate and Davy, dainty Davy,
'Twas in the merry month of May,
That Kitty met her Davy.
And as they did together play
If you will credit what I say,
To pass the pleasant time away,
He slipped in little Davy.

She strok'd him on the curly poll,
O my Davy, dainty Davy,
You are, she said, my life and soul,
So well I love my Davy.
Stay with me till the afternoon,
You cannot leave me thus so soon,
Play on my fiddle another tune,
And slip in dainty Davy.

He took her to the water side,
Dainty Davy, dainty Davy.
And then he stretched her quarters wide,
Because he was her Davy,
Soon as her thighs were opened wide,
Her lovely pleasure boat he spy'd,
Then in he got to have a ride,
And whipped in little Davy,

He led her to her father's land,
Winsome Davy, funny Davy,
And put a stiff thing in her hand,
And called his little Davy.
Then laid her on a bed of sand,
She guided it at his command,
And made it run while it could stand,
Then distanc'd little Davy.

He kissed her in her father's eye,
 Dainty Davy, dainty Davy,
 But little thought that she would cry,
 For slipping in his Davy.
 But soon, alas! she curs'd her rump,
 A boy began to kick and thump,
 And quickly she brought forth a lump,
 And call'd it little Davy.
 She then was forc'd to swear the child,
 To her Davy, naughty Davy,
 Which almost made her father wild,
 He curs'd and swore at Davy.
 But soon he eased her pain,
 He married her with might and main,
 He's busy now baith morn and e'en,
 Slipping in little Davy.

WAD YE DO THAT?

TUNE—"John Anderson, my Joe."

Gudewife, when your gudeman's frae home,
 Might I but be sae bauld,
 As come into your bedchamber,
 When winter nights are cauld?
 As come into your bedchamber,
 When nights are cauld and wet,
 And lie down in your gudeman's stead,
 Gudewife, wad ye do that?
 Young man, if ye should be sae kind,
 When my gudeman's frae home,
 As come into my bedchamber,
 Where I am laid my lane.
 And lie down in my gudeman's stead,
 Young man, I'll tell you what,
 He f—— me five times ilka night,
 Young man wad ye do that?

ERROCK BRAE.

TUNE—"Sir Alex. Van's Strathspey."

O Errock stade, may never maid,
 A maiden by thee gae,
 Nor e'er a chiel wi's standing graith,
 Gae standing down the brae.

For tilling Errock brae, young man,
 And tilling Errock brae,
 Needs an open fur, and standin' graith,
 To till the Errock brae.

As I sat by the Errock stane,
 Surveying far and near,
 Up came a Cameronian,
 Wi' a' his preaching gear,
 For tilling, &c.

He flang the Bible o'er the brae,
 Among the rashy grass,
 But the Solemn League and Covenant,
 He laid below my —.
 For tilling, &c.

Yet still his — held the grip.
 He bobbed me weel, the holy man,
 That a Synod couldna tell the —,
 To wham it did belang.
 For tilling, &c.

A Prelate he louns on before,
 A Catholic gets on behind,
 But gie me a Cameronian,
 He — me till I'm blind.
 For tilling, &c.

A' THAT AND A' THAT.

Put butter in my Donald's brose,
 For weel does Donald fa' that;
 I lo'e my Donald's tartan hose,
 His naked —, and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 And twice as mickle's a' that,
 The lassie got a skelpit doup,
 But wan the day for a' that.

For Donald swore a solemn oath,
 By his first hairy gravat,
 That he would fecht the battle there,
 And — the lass a' that.
 For a' that. &c.

His hairy —, baith side and wide,
 Hung like a beggar's wallet,
 His — stood like a rolling pin,
 She nicher'd when she saw that.
 For a' that, &c.

Then she turned up her —,
 And she bade Donald claw that,
 The devil's dizzen Donald drew,
 And Donald gaed her a' that.
 For a' that, &c.

THE MOUSE'S TAIL.

Jack and his master a wager laid,
 Of three score guineas and ten,
 Which of them had the longest —
 The wager was to win.
 Sing—Fol de rol lol, &c.

They measured the length, and eke the breadth,
 They measured them round about,
 But Jack he did his master beat,
 By four inches and the snout.

The maid she went behind the door,
 For which she was to blame,
 And when she saw the wager won,
 She ran and told her dame.

The old woman went behind the door,
 To do as she was wont,
 And stooping down to piss awee,
 A mouse jumped in her —.

The old woman cried out to her good man,
 As loud as she could cry,
 "A mouse ran up my whim'wham,
 And with your — I'll die."

The old man then laid her on a sack,
 As oft he'd done before,
 But he could not reach the mouse's tail,
 By quite four inches and more.

The old man cried out to his man Jack,
As loud as he could cry,
"A mouse has run up my wife's privates,
And without your help she'll die."

"Without you double my wages," said Jack,
"Without you double my price,
Altho' I've got the longest —,
My p—— shall hunt no mice."

"I'll double your wages," said the old man.
And give thee a hat and coat,
And if you'll f—— the mouse out there,
My dame shall give thee a groat."

The old man stood on the barn floor,
With long broom in his hand,
To knock the mouse all on the head,
As soon as it should land.

"Then work away, my bonny Jack,
Of my quim ye need have no doubt,
And if you'll use your drumstick well,
You'll turn the mouse about."

Ride on, ride on, my bonny Jack,
I think I feel your p——,
Drive on, drive on, don't stop for breath,
The short strokes will do the trick."

So Jack he rode, and rode, and rode,
Till his courage began to flag,
"Tho' your cock be twelve inches long,
I don't call this half a shag."

Jack gave a grunt, a terrible thrust,
In hopes the groat to win,
"Goodwife, you've got an awful c——,
And that mouse is very far in."

The prize cock failed, no mouse came out,
The dame still felt her pain,
The good man, refreshed, went on again,
And rode with might and main.

He rode, and rode till he fell off,
 The dame still cried for more,
 So Jack got on and bored again,
 Until his great p—— was sore.

The old woman was a cunning dame,
 As well you may believe.
 For when those two could f—— her no more,
 She let the mouse out of her sleeve.

BEWARE OF THE RIPPLES.

TUNE—" *The Tailor he fell through the bed.*"

I rede you beware of the ripples young man,
 I rede you beware of the ripples, young man,
 Tho' the saddle be saft, ye needna ride aft,
 For fear that the girdin' beguile you, young man.

I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
 I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
 Tho' music be pleasure, tak music in measure,
 Or ye may want wind in your whisite, young man.

I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
 I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man;
 Whate'er you bestow, do less than ye dow.
 The mair will be thought of your kindness, young man.

I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man,
 I rede you beware o' the ripples, young man;
 If you would be strang, and wish to live lang,
 Dance less wi' your a—— to the kipples, young man.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
 Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
 And aye the welcomer you'll be,
 The farther ben, the farther ben.

And she was written in her contract,
 To lie her lane, to lie her lane,

And I have written in my contract,
 To claw her wame, to slaw her wame.
 The bonny lass o' Liviston,
 She's berry brown, she's berry brown;
 And ye winna trow her raven locks,
 Gae farther down, gae farther down,
 She has a black and rolling e'e,
 And a dimpled chin, a dimpled chin,
 And no to pree her bonny mou',
 Wad be a sin, wad be a sin.
 The bonnie lass o' Liviston,
 Came in to me, came in to me,
 I wat to baith ends o' the busk,
 I made her free, I made her free,
 I laid her feet to my bed-stock,
 Her head to the wa', unto the wa',
 And I geed her wee coat in her teeth,
 Her sark and a' her sark and a'.

HE TILL'T AND SHE TILL'T.

TUNE—"Maggie Lauder."

He till't, and she till't,
 And a' to mak a lad again;
 But the auld fumbling carle,
 Soon began to nod again.
 And he dang, and she flang,
 And a' to mak a' lassie o't,
 And he bor'd and she roar'd,
 But they couldna mak a' lassie o't.

DAVID AND BATHSHEBA.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
 As good King David on a day
 Was walking on his terrace,
 There he espied fair Bathsheba,
 A washing of her bare —
 The more he looked, the more he liked,
 At length his cock stood upright,
 A fain he would be doing
 "Ye gods," said he, "what's that I see,"
 And straight began a wooing.

"Fair Bathsheba, if you'll be mine,
I'll make you Queen of Palestine,
And guard you from the Hittite,
Then spread your legs, you nymph divine,
For fear that I should split."

Fair Bathsheba replied and said,
My dearest love be not afraid,
My legs shan't lie together;
You need not fear — will tear,
"Tis made of stretching leather."

King David then he s—— her once,
And fain he would have s—— her twice,
But his cock would stand no longer,
"By jove," says she, "wat's this I see,
My lord, the King's a fumbler."

"Had ever woman such ill-luck,
I could have had a better f——
From my old man, Uriah,
O! sure," says she, "this can't be he
That slew the great Goliath."

Says David, "Thousands of my foes
Have dealt me great and mighty blows,
But never could disarm me;
Your c——, jove's curse, is ten times worse,
Than the whole of the Philistine army.

YE HAE LAIN WRANG, LASSIE.

TUNE—"Up and waur them a', Willie."

Ye hae lain wrang, lassie,
Ye hae lain a' wrang,
Ye've lain in some unco bed,
And wi' some unco man.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sae wan,
You're greener than the grass,
Your coatie's shorter by a span,
Yet deil an inch the less.
Ye hae lain, &c.

You've let the pownie o'er the dyke,
And he's been in the corn;

For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
 Ye bock them or the morn,
 Ye hae lain, &c.

For lightly lap ye o'er the knowe,
 And thro' the wood ye sang;
 But hurrying o'er the foggy byke,
 I fear we've got a stang.
 Ye hae lain, &c.

BROSE AND BUTTER.

Jenny sits up in the laft,
 Jockey would fain be at her,
 But there cam a wind out o' the west,
 Made a' the winnocks to clatter.

O gie my love brose, brose,
 O gie my love brose and butter,
 For nane in Garrick but him,
 Can please a lassie better.

The lavrock lo'es the gross,
 The pairtrick lo'es the stibble;
 And hey for the gardeners lad,
 To gully away wi' his dibble.
 O gie my love, &c.

My daddie sent me to the hill,
 To pull my Minnie some heather,
 And drive it in your fill,
 Ye're welcome to the leather.
 O gie my love, &c.

The mouse is a merry we heast,
 The moudiewart wants the e'en,
 And O for a touch of the thing,
 I had in my nieve yestr'e'en.
 O gie my love brose, &c.

We a' were fou yestr'e'en,
 The night shall be its brither,
 And hey for a merry pin,
 To nail twa names thegither.
 O gie my love, &c.

COMING O'ER THE HILLS O' COUPAR.

TUNE—" *Ruffian's Rant.*"

Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar,
 Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar,
 Donald in a sudden wrath,
 Ran his Highland durk into her.

Donald Brodie met a lass,
 Coming o'er the Hills o' Coupar,
 Donald wi' his Highland wand,
 Sounded a' the bits about her.
 Coming o'er, &c.

Weel I wat she was a queen,
 Wad mak a body's mouth to water;
 Our mess, John, wi's auld grey pow,
 His holy lips wad lick it at her.
 Coming o'er, &c.

Up she started in a fright,
 And o'er the braes what she could bicker,
 Let her gang, said Donald now,
 For in her erse my shot is sicker.
 Coming o'er, &c.

CAN YE NOT LET ME BE.

TUNE—" *I hae laid a Herring in Saut.*"

There lived a wife in Whistle Cockpen,
 Will ye no, can ye no, let me be,
 She brewed good ale for gentlemen,
 And aye she waggit it wantonly.

The night blew sair wi' wind and weet,
 Will ye no, &c.
 She shewed the traveller ben to sleep,
 And aye, &c.

She saw a sight below the sark,
 Will ye, &c.
 She wished she had it for a merk,
 And aye, &c.

She saw a sight aboon his knee,
 Will ye, &c.
 She would not wanted it for three,
 And aye, &c.
 O where live ye, and what's your trade?
 Will ye, &c.
 I am a thresher gude, he said,
 And aye, &c.
 And that's my flail, and working graith,
 Will ye, &c.
 And noble tools, quoth she, by my faith!
 And aye, &c.
 I would gie ye a browst, the best I hae,
 Will ye, &c.
 For a good night's work with tools like they,
 And aye, &c.
 I would sell the hair frae off my tail,
 Will ye, &c.
 To buy our Andrew sic a flail,
 And aye, &c.

OUR BRIDE FLAT, AND OUR BRIDE FLANG.

TUNE—"East Newk o' Fife."

Our bride flat, and our bride flang,
 But lang before the lavrock sang,
 She paid him twice for every bang,
 And grippet at the girstest o't.
 Our bride turn'd her to the wa',
 But lang before the cock did craw,
 She took him by the cock and a',
 And grippet at the girstest o't.

A HOLE TO HIDE IT IN.

TUNE—"Waukin o' the Fauld."

O will ye speak at our town,
 As ye come frae the fair,
 And ye'se got a hole to hide in,
 Will haud it a' and mair.

O haud awa your hand, sir,
 Ye gar me aye think shame,
 And ye'se got a hole to hide it in,
 And think yourself at hame.

O will ye let me be, sir,
 Toots, now ye've reft my sark,
 And ye'se got a hole to hide it in,
 Whar ye may work your work.

O haud awa your hand, sir,
 Ye're like to make me daft,
 And ye'se got a hole to hide it in,
 To keep it warm and soft.

O haud it in your hand, sir,
 Till I get up my claes,
 Now — me as you'd — for life,
 I hope your cock will please.

DUNCAN MACLEERIE.

TUNE—" *Jockey Macgill*."

Duncan Macleerie and Janet his wife,
 They gaed to Kilmarnock to buy a new knife,
 But instead of a knife, they coft but a bleerie,
 We're very well saired, Janet, quoth Duncan Macleerie

Duncan Macleerie has got a new fiddle,
 It' a' strung wi' hair, and a hole in the middle,
 And aye when he plays on't his wife looks sae cheerie,
 Weel done, my Duncan, quoth Janet Macleerie.

Duncan he played till his bow it grew greasy,
 Janet grew fretfu' and unco uneasy,
 Hoot! quoth Duncan, ye're unco soon weary,
 Play us a pibroch, quoth Janet Macleerie.

Duncan Macleerie he played on the harp,
 Janet Macleerie she danced in her sark,
 Her sark it was short, her — it was hairy,
 Very weel danced, Janet, quoth Duncan Macleerie.

THEY TOOK ME TO THE HOLY BAND.

TUNE—"Clout the Cauldron."

They took me to the Holy Band,
 For playing wi' my wife, sir,
 And lang and sair they lectured me,
 For leading sic a life, sir.

I answered in not many words,
 "What diel needs a' this clatter?
 As long as she could keep the grig,
 I aye was —— at her.

DUNCAN DAVIDSON.

There was a lass, they ca'ed her Meg,
 And she ga'ed o'er the muir to spin,
 She fee'd a lad to lift her leg,
 They ca'ed him Duncan Davidson.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
 Twas blask without and red within,
 And Duncan, cause he'd got a cauld,
 He split his Highland pintle in.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Meg had a muff, and it was rough,
 And Duncan stuck twa nievefu' in,
 Meg clapped her heels about his waist,
 I thank you, Duncan, yerk it in.
 Fal, lal, &c.

Duncan made her hurdies dreep,
 Brise 'yont, my lad, then Meg did say;
 O gang he east, or gang he west,
 My —— will not be dry the day.
 Fal, lal, &c.

CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN?

TUNE—"Sir Arch. Grant's Strathspey."

O can ye labour lea, young man,
 O can ye labour lea?
 Gae back the road ye come again,
 Ye ne'er shall scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
 Wi' arle pennies three,
 But a' the faut I had to him,
 He couldna labour lea,
 O can ye, &c.

A stibble rig is easy ploughed,
 And fallow land is free,
 But what a silly coof is he,
 That couldna labour lea.
 O can ye, &c.

The bonny bush and benty knowe,
 The ploughman points his sock in,
 He sheds the roughness, lays it by,
 And bauldy ploughs his yoking.
 O can ye, &c.

OUR JOCK'S BRACK YEST'RE'N.

TUNE—"Gramachee."

Twa neighbours' wives sat in the sun,
 A twining at their rocks,
 And they an argument began,
 And a' the plea was cocks.

'Twas whether they were sinews strong,
 Or whether they were bane,
 And how they towed about your thumb,
 And how they stood their lane.

First Rachel gied her rock a tug,
 And syne she claw'd her tail,
 "When our Tam draws on his breeks,
 It waggles like a flail."

Says Bess, "They're cane, I will maintain,
 And proof in point I'll gie,
 For our Jock's cock it brak yest're'n,
 And I found it on my thigh."

GIE THE LASS HER FAIRING.

TUNE—" *Could Kail in Aberdeen.*"

O gie the lass her fairing, lad,
O gie the lass her fairing,
And something else she'll gie to you,
That's wallow worth the wearing,
Syne coup her o'er amang the creels,
When ye hae ta'en your brandy,
The mair you bang, the less she squeals,
So hey for houghmagandie.
Then gie the lass her fairing, lad,
O gie the lass her fairing,
And she'll gie you a hairy thing,
And of it be not sparing,
Lay her o'er amang the creels,
And bar the door wi' baith your heels,
The mair she gets, the less she squeals,
So hey for houghmagandie.

THE TAILOR.

The tailor came to clout the claes,
Sic a braw fellow.
He filled the house a' fu' o' fleas,
Daffin down, and daffin down.
He filled the house a' fu' o' fleas,
Daffin down and dilly.
The lassie slipped ayont the fire,
Sic a braw hissey,
Oh, she was his heart's desire,
Daffin, &c.
Oh, she was his heart's desire,
Daffin, &c.
The lassie she fell fast asleep,
Sic a braw hissey,
The tailor close to her did creep,
Daffin, &c.
The tailor close to her did creep,
Daffin, etc.,

The lassie waukened in a fright,
Sic a braw hissie.

Her maidenhead had ta'en the flight,
Daffin, &c.

A tailor's bodkin caused the flight.

She sought but it, she sought it ben,
Sic a braw hissie,

And in below the clockin, hen,
Daffin, &c.

It wasno but, it wasna ben,
Daffin, &c.

She sought in the onsen straw,
Sic a braw hissie.

No, faith, said she, it's quite awa',
Daffin, &c.

The tailor loon has stown't awa.
Daffin, &c.

She sought it yont the knocking stone,
Sic a braw hissy.

Some day, quoth she, 'twill gang it's lane,
Daffin, &c.

For my tirley-wirley maks its mane.
Daffin, &c.

She called the tailor to the court,
Sic a braw hissie.

And a' the young men round about.
Daffin, &c.

To gar the tailor mend her clout
Daffin, &c.

She gar the tailor pay a fine,
Sic a braw hissey.

Gie my maidenhead again.
Daffin, &c.

I'll hae my maidenhead again.
Daffin, &c.

O what way would you ha'e't again?
Sic a braw hissey.

O just the way it was ta'en,
Daffin down and daffin down.

Come, just the way that it was ta'en,
Daffin down and dilly.

THE SUMMER MORN.

TUNE—"Push about the jorum."

When maukin bucks, at early f—
 In dewy glens are seen, sir,
 When birds on boughs tak off their m—s,
 Amang the leaves sae green, sir,
 Latona's son looks liquorish on
 Dame Nature's grand impetus,
 Till his — rise, then westward flies,
 To f— old Madame Thetis.

Yon wandering rill, that marks the hill,
 And glances o'er the brae, sir,
 Sides by a bower, where mony a flower
 Sheds fragrance on the day, sir,
 There Damon lay with Silvia gay,
 To love they thought nae crime, sir,
 The wild birds sang, the echoes rang,
 While Damon' — beat time, sir.

First wi' the thrush, he thrust and pushed,
 His pintle large and strong, sir,
 The blackbird next, his tunefu' text,
 Made him both bold and strong, sir,
 The linnet's lay came then in play,
 And the lark that soared aboon, sir,
 Till Damon fierce, mistimed his a —,
 And spent quite out of time, sir.

THE BONNIEST LASS.

The bonniest lass that you meet niest,
 Gie her a kiss and a' that,
 In spite o' ilka parish priest,
 Repenting stool and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Their min-mou'd sangs, and a' that.
 In time the place convenient,
 They'll do't themselves for a' that.

Your patriarchs in days of yore,
Had their handmaids in days o' yore,
O' bastard gets some had a score,
And some had mair that a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Your lang syne saunts and a' that,
Were fonder of a bonny lass.
Than you or I for a' that.

King David when he waxed auld,
An' blude ran thin and a' that,
And found his blood was growing cauld,
Could not refrain for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
To keep him warm, and a' that,
The daughters o' Jerusalem,
Were waled from him and a' that.

Wha wadna pity the sweet dames,
He fumbled at and a' that,
And raised their blood up into flames,
He could not drown for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
He wanted pith, and a' that,
For as to what we shall not name,
What could he do—but claw that?

King Solomon, Prince o' Divines,
Wha Proverbs made, and a' that,
Baith mistresses and concubines,
In hundreds had and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Tho' a preacher wise and a' that,
The smuttiest sang that e'er was sung,
His Sang o' Sangs was a' that.

Then still I swear a clever chiel,
Should kiss his lass and a' that,
Though priests consigns him to the deil,
As reprobate and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their canting stuff and a' that,
They ken nae mair what's reprobate,
Than you or I, for a' that.

PARODY ON CORN RIGGS.

My Patie is a lover gay,
He's always very funny,
And when we meet to sport and play,
He takes me by the cunny,
He clasps his — between my thighs,
My — he's almost rending.
His tool's so stiff and such a size,
But 'tis heaven when we are spending.

Last night he took me by the —,
And swore that he would delve it,
And rap his cods against my butt,
When tipping me the velvet,
He laid me down upon my —,
And swore that he'd enjoy me,
Then quick pulled out his rousing tarse,
I thought he would destroy it.

Let maidens of a fickle mind,
Refuse what most they're wanting,
Since we for — were designed,
We surely should be granting,
So when your lover feels your —,
Do not be sly, or grieve him,
But open out your pretty thighs,
For a f——'s like going to heaven.

ENGLISH.

THE PLENIPOTENTIARY.

TUNE—" *The Terrible Law, or Shawnbuce.*"

The Dey of Algiers, when afraid of his ears,
 A messenger sent to our Court, sir,
 As he knew in our state that the women had weight,
 He choose one well hung for the sport, sir,
 He searched the Divan till he found out a man,
 Whose —— were heavy and hairy,
 And he lately came o'er from the Barbary shore,
 As the great Plenipotentiary.

When to England he came, with his p— in a flame,
 He shewed it his hostess on landing,
 Who spread its renown thro' all parts of the town,
 As a pintle past all understanding.
 So much there was said of its snout and its head,
 That they called it the great Janissary;
 Not a lady could sleep till she got a sly peep
 At the great Plenipotentiary.

As he rode in the coach, how the whores did approach,
 And stared, as if stretched on a tenter;
 He drew every eye of the dames that pass by,
 Like the sun to its wonderful centre.
 As he passed thro' the town not a window was down,
 And the maids hurried out to the area,
 The children cried, "Look, there's the man with the
 cock,
 That's the great Plenipotentiary.

When he came to the Court, oh, what giggle and sport,
 Such squinting and squeezing to view him,
 What envy and spleen in the women were seen,
 All happy and pleased to get him,
 They vowed from their hearts if men of such parts
 Were found on the coast of Barbary,
 'Tis a shame not to bring a whole guard for the King,
 Like the great Plenipotentiary.

The dames of intrigue, formed their c— in a league,
 To take him in turns like good folks, sir,
 The young misses plan was to catch as catch can,
 And all were resolved on a stroke, sir.
 The cards to invite flew by thousands each night,
 With bribes to the old secretary,
 And the famous Eclipse was not let for more
 leaps,
 Than the great Plenipotentiary.

When his name was announced, how the women all
 bounced,
 And their blood hurried up to their faces ;
 He made them all itch, from navel to breech,
 And their bubbies burst out all their laces.
 There was such damned work to be f—— by the Turk
 That nothing their passion could vary ;
 All the nations fell sick for the Barbary p——,
 Of the great Plenipotentiary.

A Duchess whose Duke made her ready to puke,
 With fumbling and f—— all night, sir,
 Being first for the prize, was so pleased with its size,
 That she begged for to stroke its big snout, sir,
 My stars, cried her grace, its head's like a mace,
 'Tis as high as the Corsican fairy ;
 I'll make up, please the pigs, for dry bobs and frigs,
 With the great Plenipotentiary.

And now to be bor'd with this Ottoman Lord,
 Came a virgin far gone the wane, sir,
 She resolved for to try, tho' her c—— was so dry
 That she knew it must split like a cane, sir,
 True it was as she spoke, it gave way at each stroke
 But oh, what a woeful quandary,
 With one terrible thrust her old piss-bladder burst,
 On the great Plenipotentiary.

That next to be tried was an Alderman's Bride,
 With a c—— that would swallow a turtle,
 She had horned the dull brows of her worshipful
 spouse,
 Till they sprouted like Venus's myrtle.

Thro' thick and thro' thin, bowel deep he dashed in,
Till her c—— frothed like cream in a dairy,
And expressed by loud farts she was strained in all
parts.

By the great Plenipotentiary.

The next to be kissed, on the Plenip's list,
Was a delicate Maiden of Honour,
She screamed at the sight of his p——, in a fright,
Tho' she'd had the whole Palace upon her.
O Lord, she said, what a p—— for a maid,
Do, pray, come look at it, Cary!
But I will have one drive if I'm ripped up alive,
By this great Plenipotentiary.

Two sisters next came, Peg and Molly by name,
Two ladies of very high breeding,
Resolved one should try, while the other stood by,
And watch* the amusing proceeding.
Peg swore by the gods that the mussulman's cods
Were as big as both buttocks of Mary;
Molly cried with a grunt he has ruined, my c——,
With his great Plenipotentiary.

The next for this plan, was an old Harridan,
Who had swallowed huge p—— from each nation,
With over much use she had broken the sluice,
'Twixt her —— and its lower relation.
But he stuck her so full, that she roared like a bull,
Crying out she was bursting and weary,
So tight was she stuck by this wonderful p——,
Of the great Plenipotentiary.

The next for a shag came the new Yankee flag;
Tho' lanky and scraggy in figure,
She was fond of the quid, for she had been well rid,
From Washington down to a nigger.
Oh, my! such a size, I guess it's first prize.
It's a wonder, quite next Ni-a-gary,
W-a-a-l, now I'm in luck, stranger, let's f——,
Bully for the great Plenipotentiary.

All heads were bewitched and longed to be stitched,
Even babies would languish and linger,
And the boarding-school Miss as she sat down to piss,
Drew a Turk on the floor with her finger.

For fancied delight, they all clubbed for a shite,
 To frig in the school necessary,
 And the teachers from France, f—d a la distance,
 With the great Plenipotentiary.

Each sluice-c—d bawd, who'd been s——d abroad,
 Till her premises gaped like a grave, sir,
 Found luck was so thick, she could feel the Turk's p—,
 Though all others were lost in her cave, sir.
 The nymphs of the stage did his ramrod engage,
 Made him free of their gay seminary;
 And the Italian Signors opened all their back doors
 To the great Plenipotentiary.

Then of love's sweet reward, measured out by the yard,
 The Turk was most blest of mankind, sir,
 For his powerful dart went right home to the heart,
 Whether stuck in before or behind, sir.
 But no pencil can draw this great pintled Bashaw,
 Then let each c—t-loving contemporary,
 As cocks of the game, let drink to the name
 Of the great Plenipotentiary.

UNA'S LOCK.

'Twas on a sweet May morning,
 When the violets were a-springing,
 The dew the meads adorning,
 The larks melodious singing;
 The rose trees, by each breeze,
 Were gently wafted up and down,
 And the primrose that then blows,
 Bespangled nature's verdant gown.
 The purling rill, the murmuring stream,
 Stole gently through the lofty grove,
 Such was the time when Darby stole
 Out to meet his barefoot love.
 Tol, lol, etc.

Sweet Una was the tightest,
 Genteelest of the village dames;
 Her eyes they were the brightest
 That e'er set youthful heart in flames,

Her lover, to move her,
By every art in vain essay'd,
In ditty, for pity,
This lovely maid he often prayed.
But she perverse, his suit denied,
Sly Darby, being enraged at this,
Resolved, when next they met, to seize
The lock that scatters Una's piss.
Tol, lol, etc.

Beneath a lofty spreading oak,
She sat with cow and milking pail,
From lily hands, at each stroke
In flowing streams the milk did steal.
With peeping and creeping,
Sly Darby now comes on apace,
In raptures the youth sees
The blooming beauties of her face.
Fired with her charms he now resolved
No longer to delay his bliss
But instantly to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.
Tol, lol, etc.

Upon her back he laid her,
Turned up her smock so lily white,
With joy the youth surveyed her,
Then gazed with wonder and delight.
Her thighs they were so snowy fair,
And just between appeared a crack,
The lips red, and overspread
With curling hairs of jetty black
Transported, Darby now beholds
The sum of all his promised bliss,
And instantly he caught the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.
Tol, lol, etc.

Within his arms he seized her,
And pressed her to his panting breast,
What more could have appeased her
But oaths which Darby meant in jest.

He swore he'd adore but her,
And to her ever constant prove,
He'd wed her, he'd bed her,
And none on earth but her he'd love,
With vows like those he won her o'er,
And hoped she take it not amiss,
If he presumed to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.
Tol, lol, etc.

His cock it stood erected,
His breeches down about his heels,
And what he long expected,
He now with boundless rapture feels.
Now entered and concentrated,
The beauteous maid lay in a trance,
His bollocks went like elbows
Of fiddlers in a country dance.
The melting Una, now she cries,
I'd part with life for joy like this;
With showers of bliss they jointly oiled
The lock that scattered Una's piss.
Tol, lol, etc.

DARBY'S KEY TO UNA'S LOCK.

Cold, pinching raw the night was,
Each purling stream in crystal bound,
All nature quite a sight was,
Both lifeless, leafless, all around.
The birds' throats had no notes,
They nestled close to keep them warm.
The peasants done, were trudging home,
With labour tired upon the farm.
Night's ebon cloak wrapped nature up,
When Una made a rousing fire,
Prepared the cup, the hearth swept up,
To cheer her love, her heart's desire.
Tol lol, etc.

To love's appointment true he came,
His fingers aching with the cold,
With joy he pledged his little dame,
The village new to hers he told.

In straw chair he placed her,
And on a stool before her sat.
And nigher to the fire
Were placed the little dog and cat.
His breeches 'twixt the thigh were broke,
And as he sat nigh on the ground,
Something with his shirt slipped out
You'd swear he'd got an awful wound.
Tol lol, etc.

The fire's bright heat soon made it stir,
The kitten looked, lifted up her paw,
She twirled her tail, began to purr,
And jumping up, this thing did claw.
Darby bounced, and Una flounced,
That a thing twelve inches long was seen;
One part lay like a sheep's heart,
The other like a rolling pin.
"O Lord," says she, "what's this I see,
That doth my delicacy shock?"
'Be soothed," he said, "my pretty maid,
'Tis Darby's key to Una's lock."
Tol lol, etc.

"This key, dear Una, view it,
Its powers are wondrous great;
Folks of all ranks go to it,
Both maids of low and high estate.
The little maid oft pants for this,
Whose cunny's like a needle's eye,
And the bouncing dame with lech'rous flame,
Whose c—— would a horse collar vie.
'Tis nature's powerful master key,
That keeps alive Creation's stock.
I'll show my pretty maid the way
To turn this key within your lock."
Tol lol, etc.

All raging with his keen desire,
He Una cross the table laid,
And with a p—— stark mad with fire,
He strove to perforate the maid.

It being large, at the first charge,
He burned priming in the pan,
Which oiled the stock of Una's lock,
And at her again he then began.
She wriggled her a——, threw up her legs,
And cried "F—— on, tho' I'm undone.
"O Darby dear," she says, "ne'er fear,
But I disjoint your jigging bone."
Tol, lol, etc.

THE GOLDFINCH'S NEST.

Fair Phillidia long jolly Roger has pressed
To get her by some means a goldfinch's nest;
Had she but a young one, she oft would say,
She'd kiss it and nurse it all night and all day.
Says Roger to Phillidia, "Now is the time,
The evening serene is, the spring is in prime,
To yon myrtle grove we'll together repair,
And a goldfinch I'll have, if a goldfinch be there."

They went into the wood, but no nest could they find,
When weary with search on a bank they reclined,
When Roger with warmth fair Phillidia pressed,
And soon laid his hand on the goldfinch's nest.
"I've found it, I've found it (in raptures he cried),
And in it a young one whose mouth opens wide."
"It's always a-gaping," sly Phillidia said,
"All night and all day—the poor thing should be fed."

The youth took the hint, and he fed the poor bird,
The maiden all hushed was, and said not a word,
He fed it and crammed it, a mischievous knave,
Till, poor little thing, it gave back what he gave.
"Dear Roger," said she, "too much have you given,
And though 'twas in jest, I shall with you be even,
So now pray, take notice, as sure as you're born,
Again and again you must feed it ere morn."

LUCY AND KITTY'S BLACK JOCKS.

Who has e'er been at Hereford must needs know the
Bell,

Where Lucy and Kitty, two sisters do dwell,
With their black jocks and bellies so white.
None ever saw Lucy but wished to have kissed her,
Yet her charms were eclipsed by those of her sister,
So easy, so gay, so genteel on my life,
That either was fit for an Emperor's wife,
With their black jocks, etc.

With romping fatigued and the heat of the weather,
One day on the bed they both lay down together,
With their black jocks, &c.
They sighed and they talked of they did not know
what.

At length a sound sleep put an end to their chat,
I forget to premise they were stripped to their smock,
And the treacherous chamber-door wanted a lock,
To their black jocks, &c.

Young Cupid, who's always alert to his post,
And thought the occasion too good to be lost,
To a black jock, &c.

So he slyly retired, and returned in a trice,
With a cock of the game, a true heart without price,
Says he, "Now's your time, while they're both fast
asleep,

Creep into them softly and try for a peep,
At their black jocks, &c.

Then silent and cautious he lifted the latch,
Resolved the critical moment to catch,
At their black jocks, &c.

But oh how he stared when he came to the bed,
In their faces now blended the white and the red,
Such bobbies, such arms, such legs, and such thighs,
But the thing of all things that attracted his eyes,
Was their black jocks, &c.

Lucy's posture he found was the most opportune,
So her smock being up he got in very soon,
To her black jock, &c.

As matters went forward, the closer he crept,
The faster he hugged her, the faster she slept ;
As long as he could he remained in his seat
But at length was obliged to beat a retreat,
From her black jock, &c.

Next Kitty he saw, and his mouth 'gan to water,
Fresh vigour returned and he swore he'd be at her
Black jock, &c.

But here he had reckoned without any host ;
He could not get in, her legs were so crossed ;
He tried every way to make matters fit,
But all was in vain, for he never could hit
Her black jock, &c.

Enraged at being baulked, his scissors he took,
And out of revenge he cut out every lock,
From her black jock, &c.

Then soft as he entered away did he creep,
As fast as he found them he left them asleep ;
Kitty, waking soon after her hand laid across
The spot and directly discovered the loss
Of her black jock, &c.

Her sister she waked in the utmost despair,
" Lucy," said she, " I've lost all the hair
Of my black jock, &c.

" What shall I do, or where can I go ?
A bald c—— is not worth a farthing you know.
This cruel disgrace I can never withstand ;
Look here, it's as bare as the palm of my hand,
My poor black jock, &c.

While I was asleep as I hope to be saved,
Some villain got into the room and has shaved
My black jock, &c.

Lucy laughed in her sleeve, but soon forcing a frown,
In a counterfeit fright clapped her hand on her own,
Says she, " If we'd slept on, we'd have suffered together,
For see how the rascal has spread all his leather
On my black jock and belly so white."

CUPID'S FROLIC.

What words can paint the pleasure
That springs from love's soft powers,
When nature's tufted treasure
Pours sweet in spermy showers.

O Cupid, all creation,
Enjoy the lustful time
, Of charming copulation,
As nature's true sublime.

The crimson fluid glowing,
Each pore perspiring love,
Each eye with joy o'erflowing,
The muscles lewdly move.
O Cupid, &c.

In amorous pomp appearing,
Amazed the maiden eyes,
Love's rudder, Cupid steering,
To harbour 'tween her thighs.
O Cupid, &c.

Now lewdly soft caressing,
The pliant limbs entwine,
To velvet pressing,
Then springs the maiden mine.
O Cupid, &c.

At length the lewd infusion,
O'erflows its mossy bounds,
Her atoms dance confusion,
She cries in moving sounds,
O Cupid, &c.

A SENTIMENTAL SPRIG

TUNE—"Push about the Jorum."

My honest hearts that love to sing,
And hate the wretch that's boasting,
Come let us make the chamber sing,
With sentimental toasting.

The sacred love of liberty,
And liberty in loving,
In this fond wish we all agree,
However prone to roving.

The mouth that often has two beards,
And swallows without chewing,
The fair one who neither snorts nor girds,
But love's to bill when cooing.
Life's luscious dish, a brace of cocks,
With the sweet sauce of kisses,
Unlocking well the lock of cocks,
With key of mortal blisses.

The grave that does cast up the dead,
And buries well the living;
Love's baby rocked in nature's bed,
The girl that takes when giving,
The key that slips the maiden out,
And let's the lover enter;
The bird within, the bush without,
Attractions lovely centre.

May good men ever pleasure taste,
And taste have in their pleasure;
The maid that spends and will not taste
One atom of her treasure;
The tapping with the spiggot,
That gives the lass a tumour,
The balls that beauteous women beat,
Into a pleasant humour.

The lines that mutual passion paints,
Success to young beginners;
Here's to the mother of all saints,
A maker of all sinners.
The human bump when ta'en in hand,
With Cupid's cover on it;
The nick that makes the tail to stand,
And bud-rue's scarlet bonnet.

The little pilot, though he's blind,
Who steers in love's harbour;
The lass who lathers us when kind,
The handsome female barber.

The mouth, that spews up all mankind,
 The tune of tune in farces,
 Is that duet 'with parts conjoined,
 In the opera of a——s.
 The middle finger's favourite ring,
 That friction sets on fire;
 The tuneful bells that always ring
 When maidenheads expire;
 The small thatched house beneath the hill,
 The fountain in Hair Court, sirs,
 May sportsmen have of game their fill,
 And huntsmen have good sport, sirs.

A PARODY ON "SHEPHERDS' I HAVE LOST
 MY LOVE."

Shepherds I have got the clap,
 Stroking of my Anna;
 My time's filled up, oh sad mishap,
 With taking salts and senna.
 I for her King's Place forsook,
 Where girls I had past telling;
 But now my pipe's turned to a crook,
 My b——, how they're hanging.
 Never will I stroke her more,
 But to the devil pitch her;
 Shepherds mark the dirty whore,
 Beware, though thou —— her.
 With whey and gruel all day fed,
 Youth by me take warning,
 Three pills e'er I go to bed,
 And four again each morning.

THE HAPPY BUNTER.

How happy a state does the Bunter possess,
 Who ne'er be greater and ne'er can be less;
 On her face and her c—— she depends for support,
 As well as do some of the madams at court.
 What though she may often in coarse linen go,
 Nor boast of fine laces to make a great show,
 Yet a girl in that dress may be jucier far,
 Than a lady that's f—— by a garter and star.

Though her hands they are red and her bubbies are
coarse,
Her c—— for all that may be nothing the worse,
A court demirep with less vigour may play,
And her passions in motions less charming convey,
What though a young stallion she sometimes may lack,
When warm with desire and stretched on her back,
In this, too, examples great ladies afford,
Who oft put a footman in place of a lord.
Or should she endeavour to heap an estate,
In this, too, she mimics the punks of Ståte,
Whose aims are but slyly to get a good stroke,
As all her concern's to supply her black jock.
At night when sport's over, with drinking made dry,
Unsated with swiving, she snoring does lie,
Then rises next morning for shagging most keen,
If thus f—— like a Bunter, then who'd be a queen ?

THE CITADEL.

I am a sporting amorous maid,
That ranged this nation up and down,
In every place my fame's displayed,
In Cupid's wars I've gained renown.
Amongst them all, both great and small,
With vast applause I've bore the bell,
I've a little fort, 'twas built for sport,
And by some is called the Citadel.
Through it runs a purling stream,
Whose force would turn a little mill,
It's in a forest sweetly hid,
And sheltered by gentle hill.
Such curious art in every part,
Its architect none can excel;
That workman rare, with wondrous care,
Had fortified my Citadel.
A captain brave, his skill to-try,
Resolved for to besiege my fort;
I did this son of Mars defy,
And straight blocked up my sally-port.

For its defence, with cautious care,
Each avenue I guarded well ;
For the attack he did prepare,
And swore he'd storm my Citadel.

Just in front, upon a plain,
His battery opened to my view,
Being fully bent the tower to gain,
Still nearer to the gate he drew.
No art or means I left untried
This fierce assailant to repel,
A bastion flanked upon each side,
The entrance to my Citadel.

When he the covered way he gained,
He on the breast work made a halt,
His vanguard being well sustained,
He now prepared for the assault.
With furious rage he did assail
The town he entered pell-mell,
His metal flew about like hail,
In the centre of my citadel.

By him oppressed and sore distressed,
My outworks all being beaten down,
One effort I resolved to try,
In hopes to drive him from the town,
I opened straight my water gate,
Such a rapid torrent on him fell,
As quickly forced him to retreat,
And quite forsake my Citadel.

The hero being mad with rage
Resolved for to attack again,
I was unwilling to engage,
I found resistance was in vain,
No succour nigh, my fountain dry,
By which I might the foe repel ;
I being afraid, beat the chamade.
And surrendered up my Citadel.

When he entered it I humbly craved,
That he would not the works destroy,
Like a man of honour he behaved,
And only fired a feu de joie.

He marched away, but now I find,
 I've the sad story for to tell,
 That to my grief he left behind
 Some wildfire in my Citadel.

If any young man should now dare
 Invade my Citadel again,
 To enter it, let him beware,
 For if he does, he'll suffer pain,
 Should any form this design,
 The truth to him I'll plainly tell,
 On him I'll quickly spring a mine,
 'Twill scorch him in my Citadel.

BOTANY BAY.

Britannia, fair guardian of this favoured land,
 To a scheme gave sanction by the Ministry planned,
 For transporting her sons who from honour should
 stray,

To a sweet spot terrestrial, called Botany Bay.

Now this Bay, by some blockheads, we've sagely been
 told,

Was unknown to the famed navigators of old,
 But this I deny in terms homely and blunt,
 For Botany Bay is the spot we call c——.

Our ancestor Adam, 'tis past any doubt,
 Was the famous Columbus that found the spot out ;
 He braved every billow, rock, quicksand, and shore,
 To steer through the passage none e'er steered thro'
 before.

Kind Nature, ere Adam had put off to sea,
 Bid him be of good cheer, for his pilot she'd be ;
 Then his cables he split, and stood straight for the Bay,
 But was stopped in his passage about midway.

Though shook by the stroke, Adam's mast stood
 upright,
 His ballast was steady, his tackling was light,
 Then a breeze springing up, down the Red Straits he
 run,

And o'er joyed at his voyage he fired off a great gun.

"Avast," Adam cried, "I'm dismasted, I doubt,
If I don't tack the head of my vessel about."

"Take courage," cried Nature, "leave it to me,
It's only the entrance into the Red Sea."

High from the masthead, by the help of one eye,
The heart of the Bay did old Adam spy,
And alarmed at some noise, to him nature did say,
"That it was a trade-wind, that blows always one
way."

So transported was Adam with sweet Botany Bay,
He Dame Nature implored to spend their night and day,
And curious he tried the Bay's bottom to sound,
But this line was too short by a yard from the ground.

The time being out Nature's sentence had passed,
Adam humbly a favour of her bounty asked,
And when stocked with provisions, and everything
sound,

To Botany Bay he again might be bound.

Nature granted the boon, both to him and his race,
And said, "Oft I'll transport you to that charming
place ;

But never," she cried, "as you honour my word,
Set sail with clap, pox, or famine aboard."

Then this Botany Bay, or ———, much the same,
I have proved is the spot whence all of us came ;
May we there be transported with pleasure and speed,
And nourish its soil with sowing our seed.

THE PIOUS PARSON.

TUNE—"O noble race was Shenkin."

There was a pious Parson,
Who lived at Upper Harding,

That loved his lass,
A pretty lass,
And hated dice and carding.

The parson went a courting,
To ladies was unlucky,

For all he said,
To wife or maid,
Was, "Madam, shall I f—— ye?"

This parson when in London,
 Lodged near to Norton Folgate,
 He coached Sal Carr
 From Temple Bar,
 And f—— her quite to Aldgate.

He once swived Oyster Nelly,
 With c—— as black as charcoal,
 He f—— so quick,
 That he fired his p——
 With friction in her dark hole.

He finger f—— the Furies,
 He bollocked the bitches,
 Jove and all gods
 He beat for gods,
 So large they burst his breeches.

He stitched the goddess Juno,
 That haughty bitch of thunder,
 He rammed his tarse,
 Into her ——

And split her —— asunder.

His p—— was full twelve inches,
 The total he did give her ;
 He f—— her tight,
 Twelve times a night,
 And the thirteenth turned her liver.

THE BUMPER TOAST.

I can't for my life guess the cause of this fuss,
 Why ye drink the health of each high-titled bel-
 dame ;

What a Queen or a Princess or a Duchess to us ?

We never have spoke to, and see them but seldom
 Fill a bumper, my host, and I'll give you a toast,

We all have conversed with and everyone knows ;
 Fill it up to the top, and drink every drop,

Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes,

Your high-sounding titles that kings can create,

Derive all their leisure and weight from the donor ;

But c—— can despise all the mockery of state,

For she in herself the true fountain of honour.

She fixes for life the title of wife,
 In her does the husband his honour repose,
 Her titles are bright, all in her own right,
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

In rags or brocades she is equally great,
 Her fountain gives rapture to all that bathe in it ;
 On a rush bottom chair, or a down bed of state,
 To bliss we're transported in less than a minute,
 She's banished all care, is a foe to despair,,
 She's the loveliest Lethe to soften our woes ;
 Nothing nature can boast can rival the toast,
 Of c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your wiseacre critics are puzzling their brains,
 How crowns and coronets first came in fashion ;
 But a peep at her would have saved them the pains,
 For c—— wore a coronet since his creation.
 A title so old, never bartered for gold,
 The whole British Peerage would vainly oppose,
 Then let Mother Eve due homage receive,
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

That Peers on the trial of peers are to sit,
 Is their highest distinction beyond all denial ;
 But ——, though untitled by patent or writ,
 Can bring *sou jure*, even kings to a trial.
 Condemned to wear horns, poor G——r scorns,
 The judgment he passes on impotent beaux ;
 So justly severe may she ever appear,
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

That nobles are born the advisers of kings,
 Is a maxim established in every free nation ;
 Then sure a just claim to that title she brings,
 Whose rhetoric effected the great Reformation.
 Teo' Charles lent his ears to his periwig,
 Yer c—— was the counsellor under the rose,
 She whispered her mind, the Commons grew kind ;
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

That nobles are sentenced to die by the axe,
 For breach of allegiance, we all must have read it ;
 Thus c——, when the bond of decorum she cracks,
 Like a queen or a princess, is always beheaded.

The King without fees, will execute these,
 While none but the hangman will meddle with those;
 Then since from the throne such deference is shown,
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

Your stars and your garters and ribbons profuse,
 And white coats of arms that a beggar might quarter,
 How faint are the splendour, how trifling their use,
 Compared with the star that shines over the garter.
 The star in the front is the emblem of c——,
 In a lovely field argent, crown, sable she glows,
 And two rampant p——s as supporters we fix,
 Here's c—— in a bumper wherever she goes.

THE BROWN — OF OLD ENGLAND.

TUNE—" *The Roast Beef of Old England.*"

When mighty brown — were the Englishman's taste.
 With strong curled hair that could tie round the waist.
 Our offspring were stout, and our wives were all chaste,
 Oh ! the brown — of old England,
 And oh ! the old English brown —.

But since we have learned from all-vapouring France,
 To — and to — as well as to dance,
 To a juicy brown — we're afraid to advance.
 Oh ! the brown, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
 And had —, reports says, full twelve inches long,
 Which made their plump dames rejoice in this song.
 Oh ! the large, &c.

But now we're dwindled to—I'll tell you what,
 A sneaking poor race of small hunters, most hot,
 And a — of nine inches is hard to be got.
 Oh ! the large, &c.

King Edward the Third, for his — was renowned,
 Had a — thirteen inches before he was crowned,
 He — all the ladies and never lost ground.
 Oh ! the large, &c.

King Henry the Eighth, as recorded of old,
 Had swinging large cods, as you've often been told,
 And his royal p—— was a sight to behold.
 Oh ! the large, &c.

In those days our sailors fought much on the main,
 They walloped the proud Spaniard, again and again,
 Then f——d all wives, widows, and daughters in Spain.
 Oh ! the large, &c.

King James when he travelled the throne to ascend,
 In Yorkshire he found a brown c—— to commend,
 And f—— it, then said, there's no p—— but would
 spend.

 With the brown, &c.

Then, then, we were able to f—— or to fight,
 Our swords, always drawn, and our p—— always
 right,
 But we're a parcel shiddle-come-sh——,
 Oh ! the large, &c.

GREEN LEAVES ON THE GREEN OH !

There lived a wife on the top of yon hill,
 Green leaves on the green, oh !
 She sells good ale to gentlemen,
 And you know very well what I mean, oh !

There were sailors riding by,
 Green leaves &c.,
 They called for some ale because they were dry,
 And you know, &c.

After one bottle they called for another,
 Green leaves, &c.
 The one for the daughter, the other for the mother,
 And you know, &c.

The daughter soon grew sick and faint,
 Green leaves, &c.
 She said she'd lie down, 'twould ease her complaint,
 And you know, &c.

Jack Tar he also grew queer and sick,
 Green leaves, &c.
 His trouble it was a standing ——,
 And you know, &c.

They put them both in a bed together,
Green leaves, &c.
To see if one could cure the other,
And you know, &c.
She put her right hand over his thigh,
Green leaves, &c.
And found a stiff thing standing by,
And you know, &c.
What is this, my dear ? she says,
Green leaves, &c.,
It's Billy, my Nag, my dear, he says,
And you know, &c.
He put his right hand over her thigh,
Green leaves, &c.,
And found a thing like a pigeon pie,
And you know, &c.
What is this, my dear, he says,
Green leaves, &c.,
It's my Green Meadow, my dear, she says,
And you know, &c.
And in my meadow there springs a well,
Green leaves, &c.,
And Billy, your Nag, may f—— his fill,
And you know, &c.
If Billy, my Nag, should chance to fall in,
Green leaves, &c.,
He must hold by the bush that grows on the brim,
And you know, &c.
What if the bush should chance to be rotten ?
Green leaves, &c.,
He must f—— up and down till he comes to the bottom,
And you know, &c.

THE RIDE IN LONDON.

As I went through London City,
'Twas at twelve o'clock at night,
There I saw a damsel pretty,
Washing her jock by candlelight.

Then she washed it, then she dried it,
 The hair was black as coal upon't.
 In all my life I never saw,
 A girl that had so fine a —.

My dear, said I, what shall I give thee
 For a go at—you know what?
 Half-a-crown, if you are willing,
 Two shillings or you shall not.

Eighteenpence my dear, I'll give thee,
 Twenty pence or not at all.
 With all my heart it is a bargain
 So up she mounts a cobbler's stall.

My dear said I, how shall I ride you
 The gallop, amble, or the trot?
 The amble is the easiest pace, sir,
 With all my heart, so up I got.

The envious cobbler heard our parley,
 And through a hole he thrust his awl,
 Which pricked my girl right in her a—hole,
 And threw the rider from the stall.

LULLABY.

Nancy on a sofa lying,
 Caught by chance my raptured eye,
 "Twixt her lily thighs I gently
 Sighing placed my Lullaby,
 Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby, lullaby,
 Sighing, placed my Lullaby.

Quickly waking with the motion,
 Thus the lovely maid did cry,
 "Women fears, they've all a notion,
 How I'm soothed by lullaby."
 Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

Seven times in transporting blisses,
 Each did with the other vie,
 Still her hand fresh vigour courting,
 Asked her again for lullaby.
 Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

' Tell me, dearest youth, if heaven,
 Be like this, then let me die;
 Every night repeat the seven,
 Kill me with your Lullaby."
 Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

BURLESQUE ON "STELLA, DARLING OF
 THE MUSES."

Kitty, dearer than the Muses,
 Fairer far than anything,
 Though I did, when at Peg Hughes's,
 From your — imbibe a sting
 While my p—— enraptured traces
 All your parts for joy designed,
 All the corners, all the mazes,
 I in vain do strive to find.

Love and joy and admiration,
 Cause my p—— at once to rise,
 Words can never paint my passion,
 When your c——'s before my eyes.
 Lavish nature thee adorning,
 O'er your thighs and smock has spread,
 Flowers that might shame the morning,
 Shining like the Tyrian red.

But alas! too weak my will is,
 Where strong hair in knots combine,
 Whoring Jove, or stout Achilles,
 Might have p——s for c——s like thine.
 Could my cods in best condition,
 Give your c—— its utmost due,
 Lovely Kitty, their ambition
 Would be to beslobber you.

THE WISHES.

TUNE—"Suppose I should ask from those lips a kiss."

I wish, my dear Nellie, you were an oat cake,
 Then on the like butter I'd spread,
 Or wert thou a floweret most sweet, for thy sake,
 Like a bee would I suck till I'm dead.

Or wert thou a negus, with acid best pleased,
A lemon I'd instantly prove,
And give myself up to be tickled and squeezed,
Into the lips of my love.

And wert thou converted to punch in a bowl,
How gladly thy ladle I'd be,
To stir up the treasure and joy of my soul,
To fill thee out frolic and free,

Or wert thou a garden all covered with weeds,
Unplanted with flower or tree;
In thee I would set all my fruit and my seed,
And day and night dig into thee.

Or wert thou a hogshead of sparkling wine,
Kept safe in a vault under lock,
I'd taste thee and tap thee, while potent and fine,
And put in thy body my cock.

Or wert thou a mortar for pounding strong spice,
A pestle I'd be as your slave,
For thee I would bustle and stir in a trice,
What more would Nelly then have.

Or wert thou transmuted into a milk churn,
I'd then be your staff on your beam!
My milk I would yield, lovely maid in my turn,
And give for your butter my cream.

ROGER AND MOLLY.

Beneath a weeping willow's shade,
Melting with love, fair Molly laid,
Her cows were feeding by,
By turns she knit, by turns she sung,
While ever flowed from Molly's tongue,
"How deep in love am I."

Young Roger chanced to stroll along,
And hearing Molly's amorous song,
And now and then a sigh.
Straight o'er the hedge he made his way,
And joined with Molly in her lay,
"How deep in love am I."

The quick surprise made Molly blush ;
 "How rude," she cried, "Now pray be hush."
 But showed a yielding eye.
 "My needle's bent, my worsted's broke,
 Roger, I only meant in joke,
 How deep in love am I."
 "You're rude,—get ot,—I won't be kissed ;
 Pray don't—yes, do,—begone,—persist ;
 Roger, I vow I'll cry
 What are you at, you roguish swain ?"
 He answered in a dying strain,
 "How deep in love am I."

THE VIGOROUS COURTEZAN.

Come hither, my boy, and down by me lie,
 My smock it is clean, and behold my white thigh,
 Survey my soft belly, that's both soft and plump,
 And besides, I'm all hair from my —— to my rump.
 The lips of my quim, red as cherries you see,
 And its co kles as juicy as juicy can be ;
 But stroke it, and pat it, and f—— it apace ;
 And the —— that is in it will fly in your face.
 Come lay your leg over, and be not so coy,
 You son of a whore, you f—— just like a boy ;
 You have put it in double, I feel it run blunt,
 It's a shame such —— should e'er enter my ——.
 But since it is in, I pray wriggle thine ——,
 I'll lather your —— and empty your tarse,
 I'll spoil you from shagging these ten days nor more,
 And call you a hook —— son of a whore.
 As stung with reproaches the amorous youth,
 Lay panting with passion he told her the truth,
 Says he, my dear Molly, in haste I let fly,
 On the thatch of your ——, and beslobbered your thigh.
 But raised by your hand, put it up to the hilt,
 My —— shall wag, and I'll double your milt,
 I'll give you such thrusts as you ne'er had before,
 Or call me a fumbling son of a whore.

Then pray put that pillow plump under my ——,
 And with a good home push, push in your stiff tarse,
 I'll straight raise your mettle, and tickle your cods,
 Till in f—— you rival the king of the gods.

Alcemna, nor Leda, nor Io, by Jove,
 Were half so well f—— as I then by my love.
 Sure Jove was in s—— a fumbler to him,
 For he turned up my liver and made my —— swim.

THE BOTTLE.

Whate'er may squeamish lovers say,
 A mistress I've found to my mind,
 I enjoy her by night and by day,
 Yet she grows still more lovely and kind,
 Of her beauties I never am cloyed,
 Though I constantly sit by her side,
 Nor despair her because she's enjoyed,
 By a legion of lovers beside.
 For though thousands may broach her,
 May broach her, may broach her,
 By jove I shall feel
 Neither envy nor spleen,
 Nor jealous can prove,
 Of the mistress I love,
 For a bottle, a bottle,
 A bottle's the mistress I mean.
 Should I try to describe all her merit,
 With her praises I ne'er should have done,
 She's brim full of sweetness and spirit,
 And sparkles with freedom and fun,
 Her nature's majestic and tall,
 And taper her bosom and waist,
 Her neck long, her mouth round and small,
 And her lips how delicious to taste.
 For though, &c..
 You may grasp her with ease in the middle,
 To be opened how vast her delight.

And yet her whole sex is a riddle,
You can never stop her too tight.
When your engine you once introduce,
To her circle, her magical bower,
Pop—away from within flies the juice,
And your senses are drowned in a shower.
For though, &c.

But the sweetest of raptures that flow,
From the delicate charmer I prize,
Is sure when her head is laid low,
And her bottom turned up to the skies,
Stick to her, and fear not to win her,
She'll never prove peevish or coy,
And the farther and deeper you're in her,
The fuller she'll fill you with joy,
For though, &c.

Thus naked, and clasped to my arms,
With her my soft moments I'd spend,
And revel the more on her charms,
To share the delight with a friend,
To divinity, physic, or law,
Her favours I never shall grudge,
Though each night she may a make faux pas
With a bishop, a doctor, or judge.
For though, &c.

THE LITTLE TENEMENT.

O, I've a tenement to let,
I hope 'twill please you all,
And if you'd know the name of it,
I've called it Sportsman's Hall,
This tenement I wish to let
To one who can it fill,
It's seated in a pleasant grove,
Beneath a rising hill.
There's round about a pleasant wood,
To shade it from the sun;
And underneath, a water spring,
That pleasantly doth run.

It is a well contrived spring,
Not little nor too great,
Where if you're hot you may be cool,
If cold, you will find heat.
This place is very dark by night,
And so it is by day,
But once you've fairly entered it,
You cannot lose your way.
When once you're in, go boldly on
As fast as e'er you can,
And if you reach to the housetop,
You'll be where ne'er was man.
On two raised pillars stand this house,
Yet though so high the door,
You can't get fairly in unless
You creep upon all four.
Yet let not this discourage you,
For ere long you are there,
What though your furniture be large,
You'll find you've room to spare.
I want a tenant very much,
To occupy my bower,
And if he is of the right sort,
He may have it for an hour.
He must be young and goodly hung,
And comely to the sight;
But above all the tenant must
In one thing be upright.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

Sometimes I am a weaver,
I weave both coarse and fine,
And for to please my customers,
It is my whole design.
In there came a pretty girl,
All for to weave her web,
I threw her across the treadle-hole,
Where all my tackles wag.

Sometimes I am a shoemaker,
I work with Venus bones,
And for to keep my leather fresh,
I've got a pair of stones.

Sometimes I am a baker,
I bake both white and brown,
And I carry the best rolling pin,
That is in all the town.

Sometimes I am a barber,
To dress the ladies fair,
I lather with my barber's pole,
None with me can compare.

With my curling-tongs so hot, sir,
So well as you may see,
And so well I can dress up,
A lady's low toppie.

Sometimes I am a barn's-man,
I carry a good flail,
Two supplies and a hand-staff,
Well buckled to a tail.

And whene'er I meet a bonny lass,
I lay her on the floor,
I put my hand staff in her ———,
Any my supple bars the door.

IRISH.

FANNY'S BLACK JOCK.

As Fanny one evening I met in a grove,
Every look, every gesture, inclining to love,
 With a black jock and belly so white.

With an amorous intention I quickly drew near,
Dear Fanny, I whispered, your lover is here,
The birds tell no tales, and there's nobody by,
And you know that this long time I've had an hawk's
 eye

 On your black jock, &c.

She seemed quite displeased and feigned a fright,
And in passion declared I should ne'er get a sight,
 Of her black jock, &c.

Dear Fanny, I answered, pray be not so coy,
While June's in its blossom, love's impulse enjoy,
No counterfeit frowns shall restrain my desire,
For an Irishman never was known to retire
 From a black jock, &c.

Love's impulse with pleasure she seemed to obey,
Lor, she handled my stiff thing and led it the way
 To her black jock, &c.

And who can describe the soft transports we felt,
When in love's glowing flames every limb seemed to
 melt,

At one moment she died, and the next she survived,
When in oceans of pleasure transported I dived,
 In her black jock, &c.

At length a soft sigh and a satisfied kiss,
Announced the sweet end of my banquet of bliss
 In her black jock, &c.

All thrilling and panting awhile we remained,
In fetters ecstatic our limbs were enchained,
Till roused from her transport she bid me adieu,
And we then only parted our joys to renew
 In her black jock and belly so white.

THE ORIGIN OF THE POX.

Ere the world was yet troubled with dry-drinking
elves,

And ——, unconfined, ran about by themselves,
In frolicsome humour of merry Old Nick,
Once dressed himself up in the shape of a——
Derry down, &c.

With red flaming looks, so important and big,
With his hair frizzled out like an Alderman's wig,
With one eye that's squinted both dreadful and queer
Derry down, &c.

His arms and its tackling he hung on each side,
Peradventure lest ill on his journey betide,
And quoth he (for something he's thought of a wag),
Like David I'll carry my stones in a bag.
Derry down &c.

Thus equipped he set out, full as lach'rous as Jove,
To see how things went on in the regions above,
But he had not got more than a mile on the land,
When a nasty black hang-gallows —— bid him stand.
Derry down, &c.

So do I (cried Old Nick), and cocked his one eye,
But take this as a lesson betwixt you and I,
If you don't get away I shall damnably scratch you:
But all —— replied was Old Pintle have at you.
Derry down, &c.

So to f—— both went, yet would neither give o'er,
He pushed and she pulled, and he sweat and she swore
Till at length he cried out, Pray desist from your blows,
For look you, says P——, how I bleed at the nose.
Derry down, &c.

Thus ended at length this most terrible fray,
When Satan went cursing and limping away,
And swore that for —— he no longer would roam,
But contented would stay and, f—— furies at home.
Derry down, &c.

THE GREY JOCK.

As lately round Dublin Basin I walked,
I met a young Bunter and to her thus talked
Of a grey jock and a belly so white.

Your ——, you young hussy, is as grey as a cat,
Why, you dirty faced thief, and what signifies that ?
If it's sable without, it's scarlet within ;
Come, lug out your drumstick, and slip it well in
To my grey jock and belly so white.

I laid her down gently upon a greenspot,
My pistol I cocked with a brace of ball shot,
At her great jock and belly so white.

What, only one shot, why I laugh at your folly,
Says she, here's a quim that can stand a whole volley,
And though you can —— as well as a Turk,
A peck of such —— will not do half the work
Of my grey jock and belly so white.

Drive gently, she cried, for my c——'s very sore,
Lie easy, my darling, or I'll bodder the more
At your grey jock and belly so white.

Then she cried, I will spend, my dear boy, till I'm
dead,

O bravo, says I, my girl, very well said,
For your harbour of hope now lathers like soap,
And the hairs of your —— bind me fast like a rope
To your grey jock and belly so white.

With my fleshy battledoors I'll pay your rump,
Till your buttocks rebound like large balls at each
thump,

At your grey jock and belly so white.

I'll bump at your orifice with my stiff root,
I'll make you fine music with nature's sweet flute,
Throw c——s at your c——y like dice at backgammon,
Knock crab-lice off as large as scales of a salmon
From your grey jock and belly so white.

While thus I was bragging she gave a great sigh,
Spent a deluge, and turned up the white of her eye,
And her grey jock and belly so white.

Dear Paddy, she cried, you do the thing right,
 Six times in three hours you have f—— me so tight;
 For she lathered behind and I flowed freely before,
 No quim in the nation could please me more
 Than her grey jock and belly so white.

LANGOLEE.

My name is McBrawn, from the heart of Hibernia,
 I travelled by land a long way o'er the sea,
 And left all the girls round the Lakes of Killarney
 In tears for the loss of my dear Langolee.
 Langolee how he charmed and delighted them!
 Oh, how their virginity melted at sight of him.
 And how he entered their province in spite of them,
 Bathing in nectar from dear Langolee.
 Ye ladies of London, don't let your mouths water,
 But quickly for remedy hasten to me,
 I cure both the longings of mother and daughter,
 And cram your dumb mouths with my Langolee.
 Langolee, oh, if you had but a lunch of him!
 Oh you would be a mumbling and munching of him!
 And in your pits over head ears drenching him
 In the deep fountain of Langolee.
 Tho' sometimes he droops like a rose in bad weather,
 The sight of a lass makes him brisk as a bee,
 Then he shifts his red head from one side to the other,
 And stands up to please you, does good Langolee.
 Langolee, Langolee, so rampant and stout he is,
 A good dozen inches from root to the snout he is,
 Just the boy to please the maids without doubt he is,
 Oh, who can resist such a Langolee.
 Take all the three kingdoms and put them together,
 'Tis Ireland's dear creatures that keeps you in glee,
 Arrah! what signifies England or Scotland as
 brothers,
 They all must fall short of my Langolee.
 Langolee, all your wives teased with fumbling,
 Your lasses who always lay tossing and tumbling,
 One dose of my cordial will make you leave grumbling,
 And dance to the tune of my Langolee.

THE IRISH ROOT.

Ye botanist yield, I've discovered a root,
Adapted to females of every degree,
How sovereign its virtues, balsamic its fruit,
I hope you believe when you hear it from me.
Langolee is the Irish name of it,
Great is this nation already's the fame of it ;
Make but one trial, and quickly you'll see
There's nothing comparing to Langolee.

When winter's keen blast, are corrected by spring,
The lads and lasses of every town
Dance round the Maypole, for Maypole's the thing,
Expressive of Lango's high frame and renown.
Langolee, wonderful medicine,
Sensitive plant, and beggar's best benison.
How happy's the Island productive by thee,
Thou root of all roots, thou Langolee !

Ye matrons afflicted with colic or wind,
Hysterics or what you may call it for me,
Restorative Lango, a medicine you'll find,
'Twill enliven your spirits most wondrously.
Langolee, sweet is the juice of it ;
Gently compress it, and gently make use of it ;
In city or country, wherever it be,
The sweets are the same as my Langolee.

Ye girls in the city with nervous disorders,
If form declensions ye'd wish to be free,
Ye dear little gentles, pray take what I order,
The Hibernian colt's foot called Langolee.
Langolee, to prevent imposition.
You'll get from none but the Irish physician,
Made up in triangular pills for admission,
The pectoral nostrum of langolee.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

Cupid's pincushion

The key that lets the man in and the maid out.

The grave that buries the living and casts up the dead.

May the ladies *suc-ceed* in all their *under-takings*.

The bird in the hand and then in the bush.

The bird in the bush and not in the hand.

The bird in the bush and two stones hard by.

The female arithmetician who multiplies by subtraction.

Love's picklock.

The ruling passion, be what it will.

The ruling passion governs nature still.

The linen manufacture of Ireland.

The cock in cover.

The staff of life.

May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.

The star above the garter.

No part of a woman, but the *whole* of her.

The sportsman's gap.

A union of parts and a flow of spirits.

May everything stand before us but our bottle and glass.

The eye that weeps most when best pleased.

Long nights and merry tales.

The liberty of the press and a favourite volume in the sheets.

The sportsman's wish, a rough stubble and a merry pointer.

The road to a christening.

Cupid's ring on the middle finger.

The two friends that weep at parting.

The whole duty of man in sheets.

The rough road of love to the sweet waterfall.

The first game ever played at.

The cruel cobbler that ran his awl into his wife's belly,
knocked out his foreman's brains, and hung his
apprentices at the door.

The female surgeon that extracts the marrow without
hurting the bone,
The agreeable rubs of life.
Here's of it, and to it, and them that can do it.
And those that can't may they never come to it.
The magic monosyllable.
Success to our ejectments in Love Lane.
May the horns of a buck never disgrace the brows of
a sportsman.
The hen pheasant that cocks her feathers when she feels
the shot.
The beagle that runs by nose, and not by sight.

The foregoing completes the MERRY MUSES as originally collected by Burns. What follows is—first, the original song, "John Anderson my jo," as it existed prior to Burns's day, and second, the lovely and canty lyric he substituted for it. This is succeeded by two Letters and a Poem of the Bard's, not hitherto printed.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

(The version which existed up to Burns' time.)

John Anderson my jo, John,
I wonder what you mean,
To rise so soon in the morning,
And set up so late at e'en?
You'll blear out all your e'en, John,
And why will ye do so?
Come sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson my jo?
John Anderson my friend, John,
When first you did begin,
You had as good a tail-tree,
As ony ither man.
But now 'tis waxen auld, John,
And it waggles to and fro;
And it never stands it lane now,
John Anderson my jo.
John Anderson my jo, John,
You can f—— where'er you please,
Either in our warm bed,
Or else aboon the claise;
Or you shall have the horns, John,
Upon your head to grow;
That is cuckold's malison,
John Anderson my jo!
So when you want to f——, John,
See that you do your best,
When you begin to s—— me,
See that you grip me fast;
See that you grip me fast, John,
Until that I cry Oh!
Your back shall crack, e'er I cry slack,
John Anderson my jo.
O ! but it is a fine thing
To keek out o'er the dyke,
But 'tis a muckle finer thing,
When I see your hurdies fyke;
When I see your hurdies fyke, John,
And wriggle to and fro;
'Tis then I like your chaunter-pipe,
John Anderson my jo.

I'm backit like a salmon,
 I'm breasted like a swan,
 My wame it is a down cod,
 My middle you may span;
 From my crown until my tae, John,
 I'm like the new-fa'n snow;
 And 'tis a' for your conveniency,
 John Anderson my jo.

The foregoing is a specimen of a numerous class of songs popular in Burns' day. It is taken from a song-book published in 1782, which claims to contain "some of the best songs in the language," and also that into its pages no song has been admitted "where the words are destitute of merit." This, as well as many others of a similar stamp, caught Burns' fancy, who, passing them through the furnace of his glowing genius, purified them from all their grossness and obscenity; and gave them to the world pure and glorious gold, "an heritage for all."

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Written by Burns.

John Anderson my jo, John, when we were first
 acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven, your bonnie brow was
 brent,
 But now your brow is bald, John, your locks are
 like the snow,
 Yet the blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson,
 my jo,
 John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill to-
 gither,
 And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane
 anither;
 Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
 we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson my jo.

It is well that the reader, after looking at the olden form of "John Anderson my jo," should read the

above beautiful song—"gold, pure and unalloyed," which Burns has substituted for utter grossness and dirt. Where, in the English language, is there so pure and lovable a picture of happy wedded life? Reader, when you now know out of what mire the poet of Scotland had to pick up many of his best and purest lyrics, bless his memory that the legacy he left to the world was so rich, and pure, and precious.

LETTERS OF ROBERT BURNS, NEVER
BEFORE PRINTED.

To Mr. Robert Ainslie, W.S., Edinburgh,
Mauchline, March 3rd, 1788.

My dear Friend—

I am just returned from Mr. Millar's farm. My old friend whom I took with me was highly pleased with the bargain, and advised me to accept of it. He is the most intelligent, sensible farmer in the county, and his advice has staggered me a good deal. I have the two plans before me. I shall endeavour to balance them to the best of my judgment and fix on the most eligible. On the whole, if I find Mr. Miller in the same favourable disposition as when I saw him last, I shall in all probability turn farmer.

I have been through sore tribulations and under much buffeting of the Wicked One since I came to this country. Jean, I found, banished like a martyr—forlorn, destitute and friendless. All for the good old cause. I have reconciled her to her mother. I have taken her a room. I have taken her to my arms. I have given her a mahogany bed. I have

* Jean Armour, who became Mrs. Burns, the faithful and devoted wife of the poet.

given her a guinea, and I have f——d her till she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But, as I always am on every occasion, I have been prudent and cautious to an astonishing degree. I swore her privately and solemnly never to attempt any claim on me as a husband, even though anybody should persuade her she had such a claim (which she had not), neither during my life nor after my death. She did all this like a good girl, and I took the opportunity of some dry horse litter, and gave her such a thundering scalade that electrified the very marrow of her bones. Oh, what a peacemaker is a guid weel-willy p——le! It is the mediator, the guarantee, the umpire, the bond of union, the solemn league and covenant, the plenipotentiary, the Aaron's rod, the Jacob's staff, the prophet Elisha's pot of oil, the Ahasuerus' sceptre, the sword of mercy, the philosopher's stone, the horn of plenty, and Tree of Life between Man and Woman.

I shall be in Edinburgh the middle of next week. My farming ideas I shall keep private till I see. I got a letter from Clarinda yesterday, and she tells me she has got no letter of mine but one. Tell her that I wrote to her from Glasgow, from Kilmarnock, from Mauchline, and yesterday from Cumnoch, as I returned from Dumfries. Indeed she is the only person in Edinburgh I have written to till to-day. How are your soul and body putting up? A little like man and wife, I suppose.

Your faithful friend,

R.B.

To Mr. James Johnson, Publisher of the Scots' Musical Museum, Edinburgh.

Mauchline, 25th May, 1788.

My dear Sir,—

I am really uneasy about that money which Mr. Creech owes me per note in your hand, and I want it much at present, as I am engaging in business

pretty deeply both for myself and my brother. A hundred guineas can be but a trifling affair to him, and 'tis a matter of most serious importance to me. To-morrow I begin my operations as a farmer, and God speed the plough !

I am so enamoured of a certain girl's profrolic twin-bearing merit that I have given her a legal title to the best blood in my body, and so farewell Rakery ! To be serious, my worthy friend, I found I had a long and much loved fellow creature's happiness or misery among my hands, and tho' Pride and seeming Justice were murderous King's advocates on the one side, yet Humanity, Generosity, and Forgiveness where such powerful, such irresistible counsel on the other side, that a Jury of old endearments and new attachments brought in a unanimous verdict NOT GUILTY. And the Pannel. Be it known unto all whom it concerns, is installed and instated into all the Rights. Privileges, Immunities, Franchises, Services, and Paraphernalia, that at present do or in any time coming may belong to the name, title, and designation (remainder torn off). Present My best compliments to (torn off), and please let me hear by return of carrier.

I am, my dear sir, yours sincerely,

ROBT. BURNS.

LIBEL SUMMONS,

In truth and honour's name—Amen.
 Know all men by these Presents plain,
 This Fourth of June, at Mauchline given,
 The years 'tween eighty-five and seven,
 We fornicators by profession.
 As per extractum from each session,
 In way and manner here narrated,
 Pro bona amor congregated,
 And by our brethren constituted,
 A court of equity deputed.
 With special authorised directions,
 To take beneath our strict protection,

The stays-out-bursting quondam maiden,
 With growing life and anguish laden,
 Who by the rascal is deny'd,
 That led her thoughtless steps aside,
 He who disowns the ruin'd Fair one,
 And for her wants and woes does care none,
 The wretch that can refuse subsistence,
 To those whom he has given existence,
 He who when at a lassie's by-job,
 Defrauds her wi' a fr—g or dry b—b,
 The coof that stands on clishmaclavers,
 When women hafins offer favours,
 All who in any way or manner,
 Disdain the Fornicator's honour,
 We take cognisance there anent,
 The proper Judges competent,
 First Poet B——s, he takes the chair,
 Allow'd by a' his title's fair,
 And pass'd *nem con* without discussion.
 He has a duplicate pretension*
 Next, Marchant Smith, our worthy Fiscal,
 To cow each pertinacious Rascal;
 In this, as every other state,
 His merit is conspicuous great.
 Richmond, the third, our trusty Clerk,
 The minutes regular to mark,
 And sit, dispenser of the law,
 In absence of the former twa.
 The fourth our Messenger at arms,
 When failing all the milder terms,
 Hunter, a hearty, willing brother,
 Weel skill'd in dead and living leather. (†)
 Without Preamble less or more said,
 We, body politic aforesaid.

* His "Bonny Jean," who became his wife, presented him with twins, 3rd September, 1786. Although the Court met on the 4th June, 1786, this funny report of its proceedings must have been written subsequent to September.

(†) MS. A tanner.

With legal due whereas and wherefore
 We are appointed here to care for
 The interests of our constituents,
 And punish contravening truants,
 Keeping a proper regulation
 Within the lists of Fornication.
 Whereas our Fiscal, by petition,
 Informs us there is strong suspicion,
 You coachman (2) Dow, and clockie (3) Brown
 Baith residents in this town,
 In other words you Jock and Sandy,
 Hae been at wark at Houghmagandie; (4)
 And now when facts are come to light,
 The matter ye deny outright.
 First you, John Brown, there's witness borne,
 And affidavits made and sworne,
 That ye hae bred a hurly-burly,
 'Bout Jeany Mitchell's tirlie-wirlie,
 And blooster'd at her regulator,
 Till a' her wheels gang clitter-clatter;
 And further still, ye cruel Vandal,
 A tale might even in hell be scandal,
 That ye are made repeated trials,
 Wi' drugs and draps in doctor's phials,
 Mixt as ye thought wi' fell infusion,
 Ye ain begotten wean to pooison,
 And yet ye are sae scant o' grace,
 Ye daure to lift your brazen face,
 And offer to take your aith,
 You never lifted Jeany's claith.
 But tho' ye should yourself man-swear,
 Laird Wilson's sclates can witness bear,
 Ae e'ening of a Mauchline fair,
 That Jeany's masts they saw them bare,
 (For ye had furled up her sails),
 And next was at play—at head and tails.
 Next Sandy Dow, you here indicted,
 To have, as publicly you're wyted,
 Been clandestinely upward whirlin',
 The petticoats o' Maggy Borelan.

(2) MS. A coachman. (3) MS. A clockmaker.

(4) Fornication.

And gi'en her canister a rattle,
 That months to come it winna settle;
 And yet ye offer your protest,
 Ye never herried Maggy's nest,
 Tho' its weel kenned that at her gyvel,
 He hae gi'en mony a kytch ann kyvel,
 Then Brown and Dow before design'd,
 For cags and clauses there subjoined,
 We court aforesaid cite and summon,
 That on the fifth o' July cumin'
 The hour o' cause in our court ha'
 At Whitefoord's arms ye answer Law,
 This, mark'd before the date and place is,
 Sigillum est, per

B——s the Presses.

This summons and the signet mark,
 Extractum est per

RICHMOND, Clerk.

At Mauchline, idem date of June,
 'Tween six and seven the afternoon,
 You twa in propria personae.
 Within design'd Sandy and Johnny,
 This summons legally have got,
 As vide witness under wrote,
 Within the house of John Dow, Vintner,
 Nunc facio hoc.

GUILLEMUS HUNTER.

FINIS.